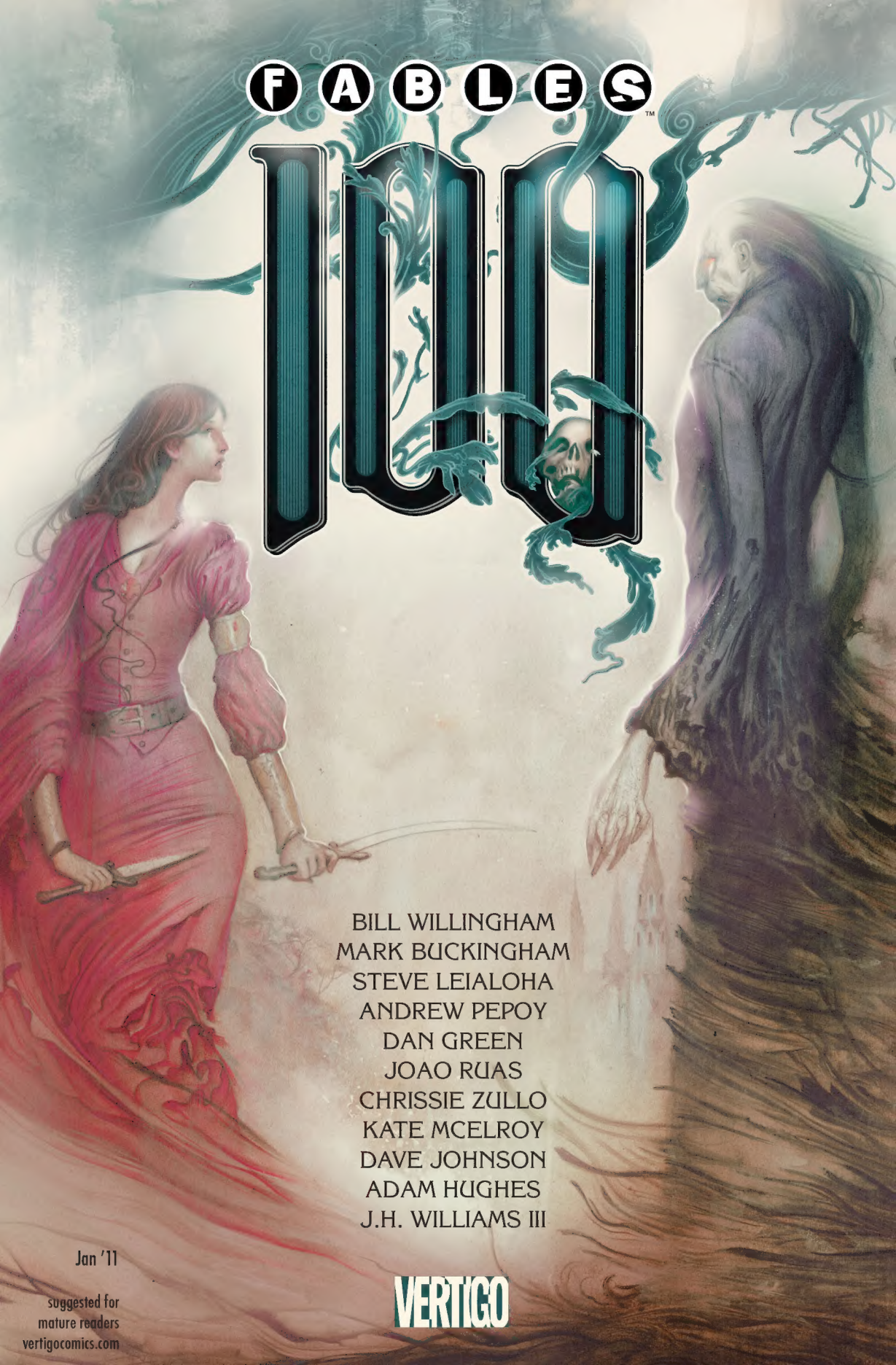


F A B L E S

# 100

The background of the cover is a detailed illustration. On the left, a woman with long brown hair, wearing a vibrant red, long-sleeved dress with a corset-style bodice and a wide belt, holds a dagger in her right hand. She is looking towards the right. On the right, a man with long, dark hair and a pale, almost white face with a single glowing red eye is shown in profile, looking towards the woman. He is wearing a dark, textured suit. The scene is set in a misty, ethereal forest with gnarled trees and hanging vines. The overall color palette is dominated by the red of the woman's dress, the dark tones of the man's suit, and the muted greens and greys of the forest.

BILL WILLINGHAM  
MARK BUCKINGHAM  
STEVE LEIALOHA  
ANDREW PEPOY  
DAN GREEN  
JOAO RUAS  
CHRISSIE ZULLO  
KATE MCELROY  
DAVE JOHNSON  
ADAM HUGHES  
J.H. WILLIAMS III

Jan '11

suggested for  
mature readers  
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VERTIGO

FABLES™

# 100

## TO THE DEATH

*Frau Totenkinder is about to take a serious stab at ridding Fabletown and the world at large of Mister Dark.*

*But can a witch best known for baking children for breakfast compete with an eons old, impervious evil creature in single combat?*

*In addition to a lead story that will determine the fate of all Fables great and small, this 100-page, landmark issue of the award-winning series also includes a gameboard, a do-it-yourself puppet theatre, a Celebrity Burning Questions section, three painted short stories and other unique surprises befitting a series that warned you long ago: No more happily ever after.*

Jan '11

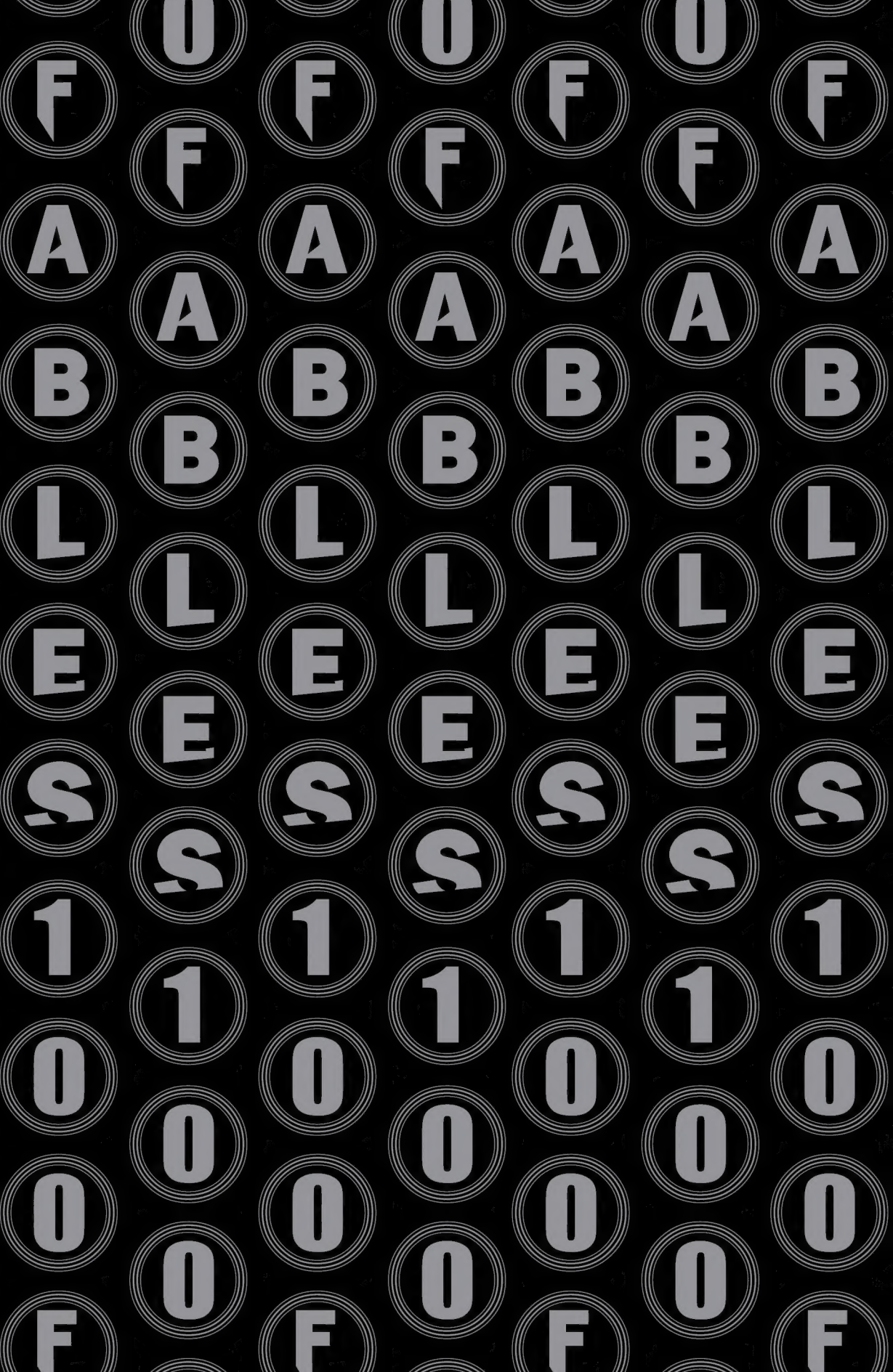
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F A B L E S

100





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Steve Leialoha: inker, pages 5, 7-18, 21-24, 28-31, 36-42, 46-54, 59-68  
Andrew Pepoy: inker, pages 19-20, 25-27, 32-35, 43-45, 55-58  
Lee Loughridge: colors

**PINOCCHIO'S ARMY: pages 69–77**

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**ESCAPE TO WOLF MANOR  
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Bill Willingham: writer  
Mark Buckingham: illustrator

**Acknowledgments: page 104**

Todd Klein:  
lettering and design  
Joao Ruas: cover  
Angela Rufino:  
associate editor  
Shelly Bond: editor

FABLES is created by  
Bill Willingham



THE *OED* DEFINES IT AS FOLLOWS: "DUEL: A PRIVATE FIGHT BETWEEN TWO PERSONS, PREARRANGED AND FOUGHT WITH DEADLY WEAPONS, USUALLY IN THE PRESENCE OF AT LEAST TWO WITNESSES CALLED SECONDS, HAVING FOR ITS OBJECT TO DECIDE A PERSONAL QUARREL OR TO SETTLE A POINT OF HONOR."

AND IT GOES ON TO ADD: "A JUDICIAL SINGLE COMBAT: TRIAL BY WAGER OF BATTLE." WAGER? DOES THAT MEAN *BETTING'S* ALLOWED? WHERE'S MY WALLET?

ODDLY ENOUGH, IT ALSO DEFINES DUEL AS: "DWELL." COULD IT BE POSSIBLE THIS ISSUE ISN'T DEVOTED TO A FIGHT AT ALL, BUT INSTEAD CONCERNS A *HOUSEWARMING* PARTY OF SOME SORT? COULD WE HAVE OVERLOOKED OUR *INVITATIONS*, GENTLEMICE?





# SINGLE COMBAT

In which a witch of great and terrible  
repute attempts to solve the problem of  
**Mister Dark** in the most elemental  
and atavistic of ways.



**Bill Willingham**  
writer - creator

**Mark Buckingham**  
penciller

**Steve Leialoha and Andrew Pepoy**  
inkers

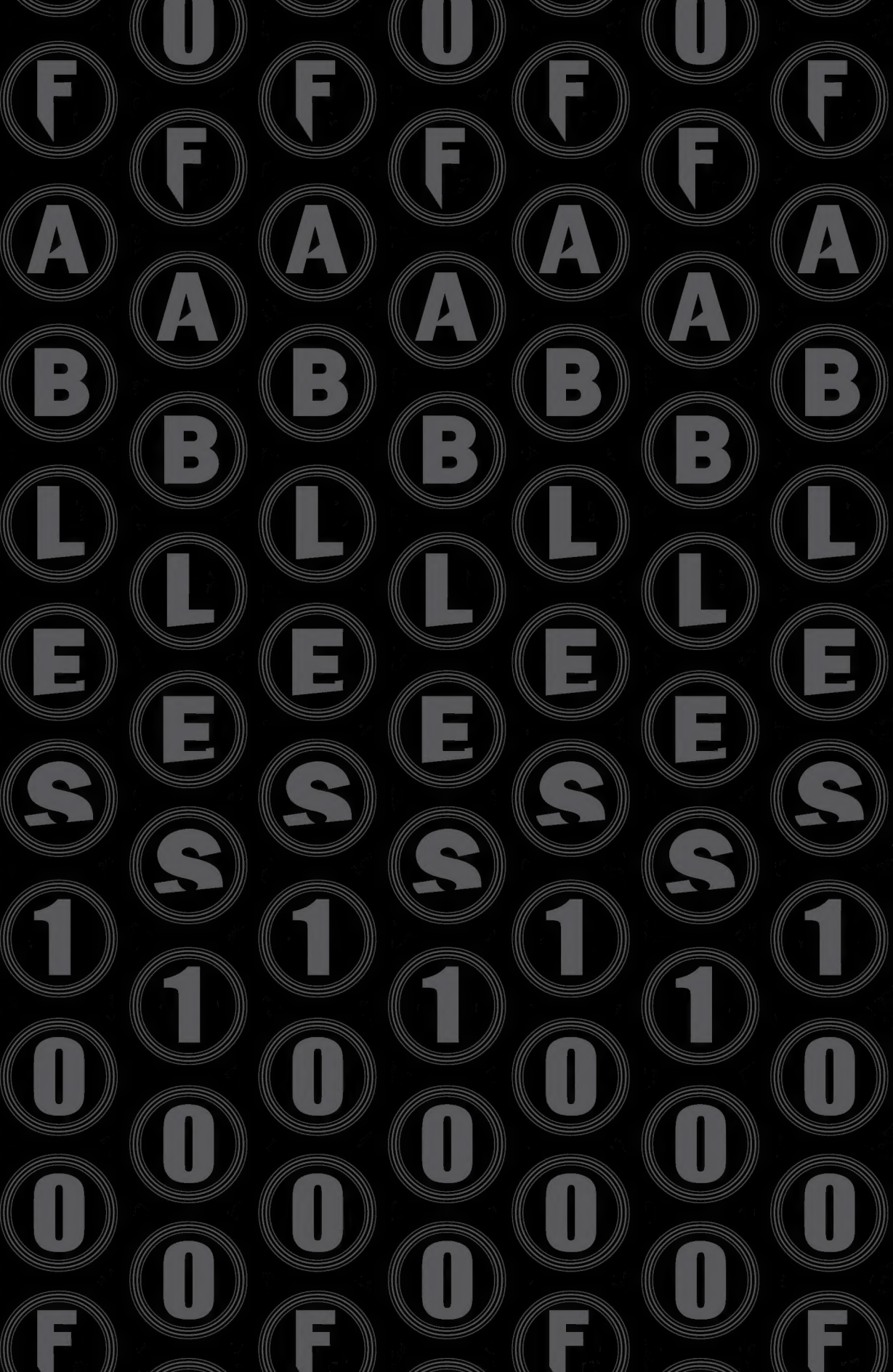
**Lee Loughridge** **Todd Klein**  
colors letters

**Angela Rufino**  
Assoc. Ed.



**Shelly Bond**  
Editor







# Chapter One: *Dust in the Wind*

ONCE UPON A TIME, IN A FICTIONAL LAND CALLED NEW YORK CITY...

HOW DO WE BEGIN?



IS THERE SOME CUSTOMARY PREAMBLE? AN OPENING *RITUAL*? OR DO WE SIMPLY BEGIN GROWLING, BITING, AND *CLAWING* AT EACH OTHER?

I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR *NAME*, WOMAN.

NOR WILL YOU.





PRESERVING THE SECRET OF YOUR TRUE NAME, THINKING IT WILL PROTECT YOU?

HOW QUAIN'T. IT WON'T HELP, THOUGH.

I'M TOO FAR ABOVE SIMPLE CONJURERS TO BE SUBJECT TO THE INFANTILE LIMITATIONS OF YOUR KIND.

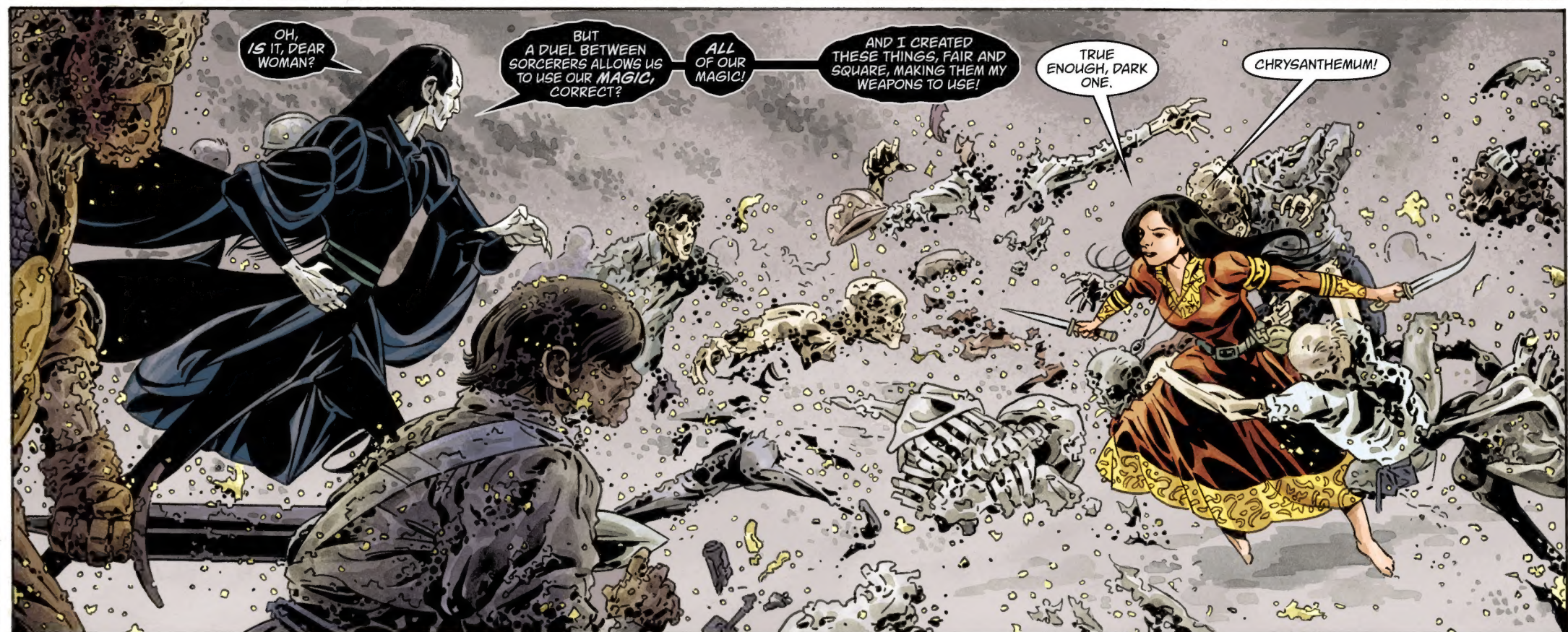
NOW, TO BEGIN!

WITHERINGS! DEVOUR THE UPSTART WITCH!

CHEATING ALREADY, DULADAN?

THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A DUEL BETWEEN THE TWO OF US.

ALONE.



OH, IS IT, DEAR WOMAN?

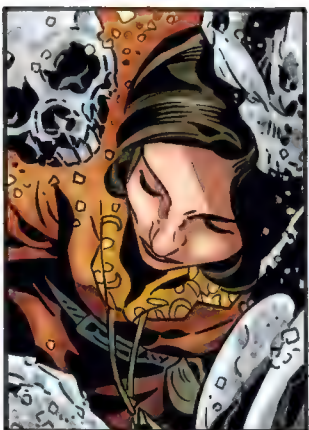
BUT A DUEL BETWEEN SORCERERS ALLOWS US TO USE OUR MAGIC, CORRECT?

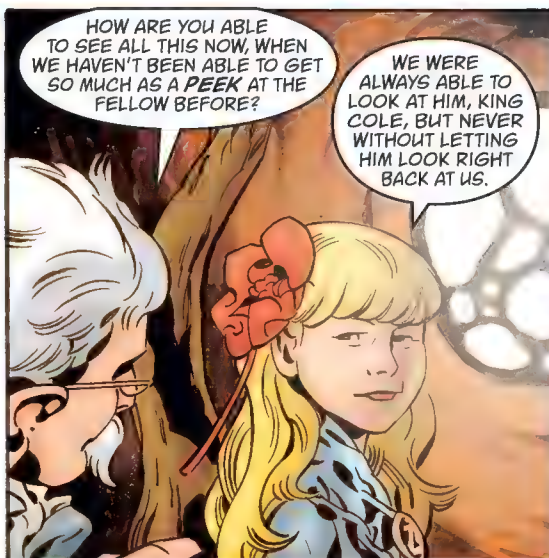
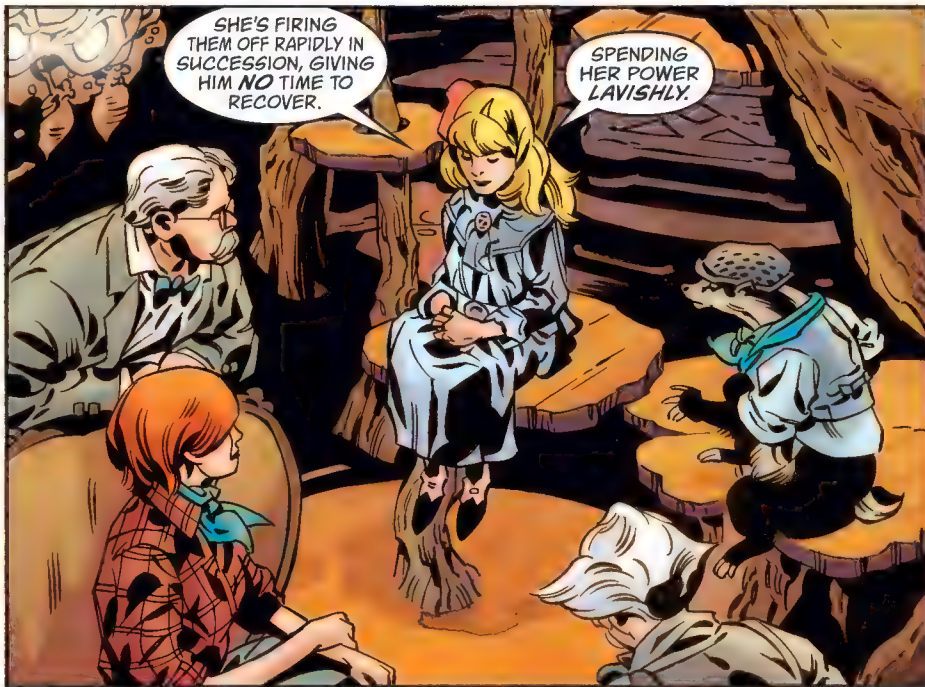
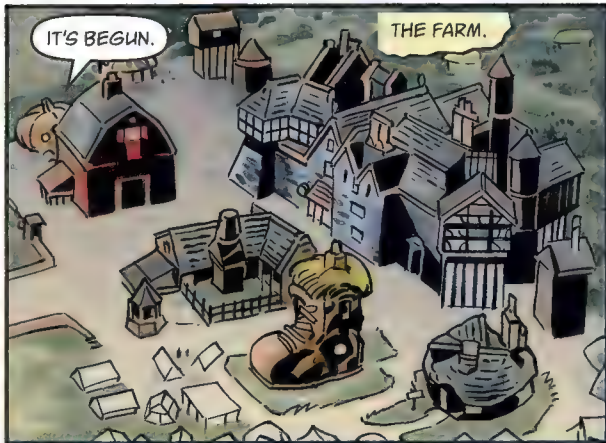
ALL OF OUR MAGIC!

AND I CREATED THESE THINGS, FAIR AND SQUARE, MAKING THEM MY WEAPONS TO USE!

TRUE ENOUGH, DARK ONE.

CHRYSANTHEMUM!







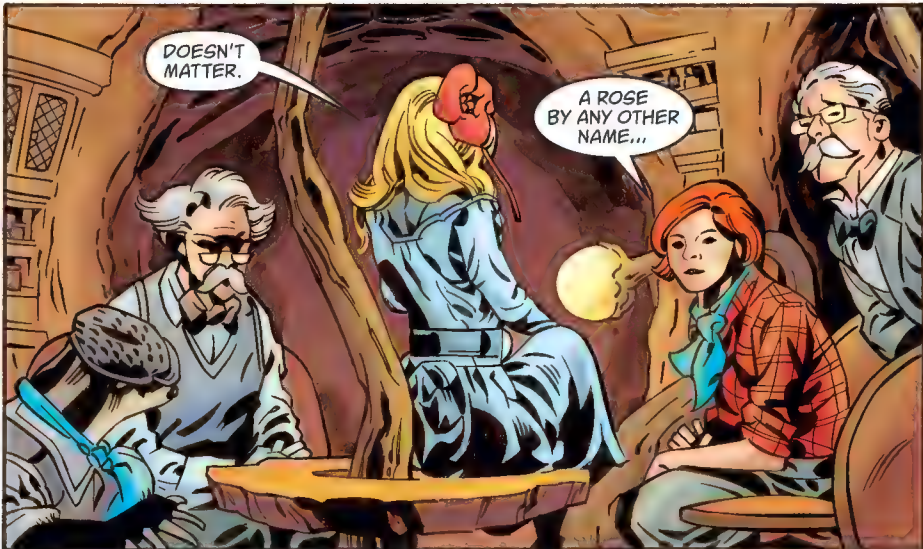
AND IT'S SAFE TO LET THE DARK MAN SEE US NOW?

NOT SO MUCH. BUT IF HE'S GOING TO WASTE TIME AND ATTENTION DOING IT NOW--WELL, THAT'S A DISTRACTION THAT CAN ONLY *HELP* FRAU TOTENKINDER.



BELFLOWER.

SHE'S CALLING HERSELF BELFLOWER NOW.



DOESN'T MATTER.

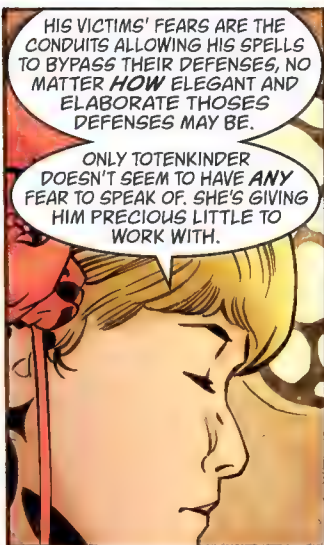
A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME...



THE DARK ONE IS HAVING TROUBLE MARSHALING HIS POWERS.

WHY? CAN YOU TELL?

*FEAR* IS THE MAIN AMPLIFIER OF HIS ABILITIES.



HIS VICTIMS' FEARS ARE THE CONDUITS ALLOWING HIS SPELLS TO BYPASS THEIR DEFENSES, NO MATTER *HOW* ELEGANT AND ELABORATE THOSE DEFENSES MAY BE.

ONLY TOTENKINDER DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE *ANY* FEAR TO SPEAK OF. SHE'S GIVING HIM PRECIOUS LITTLE TO WORK WITH.

# Chapter **Knock Down,** **Two: Drag Out**





YUNGGG!

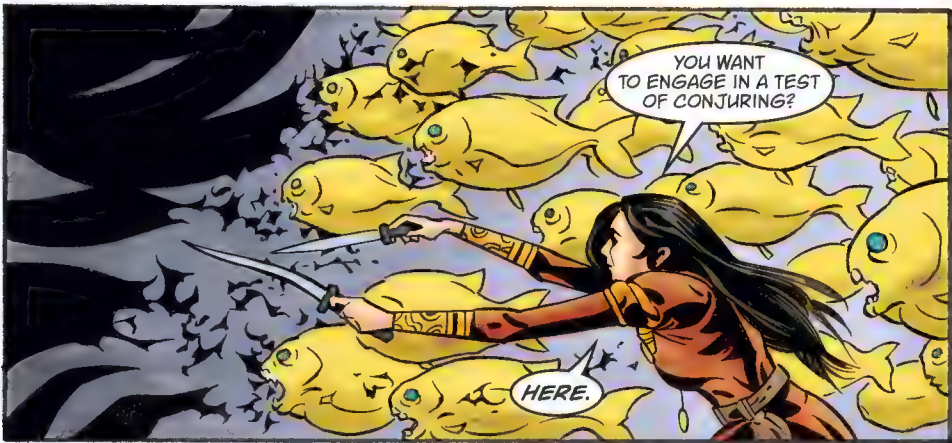
VERY WELL.



POINT TAKEN.



WOODHARP.

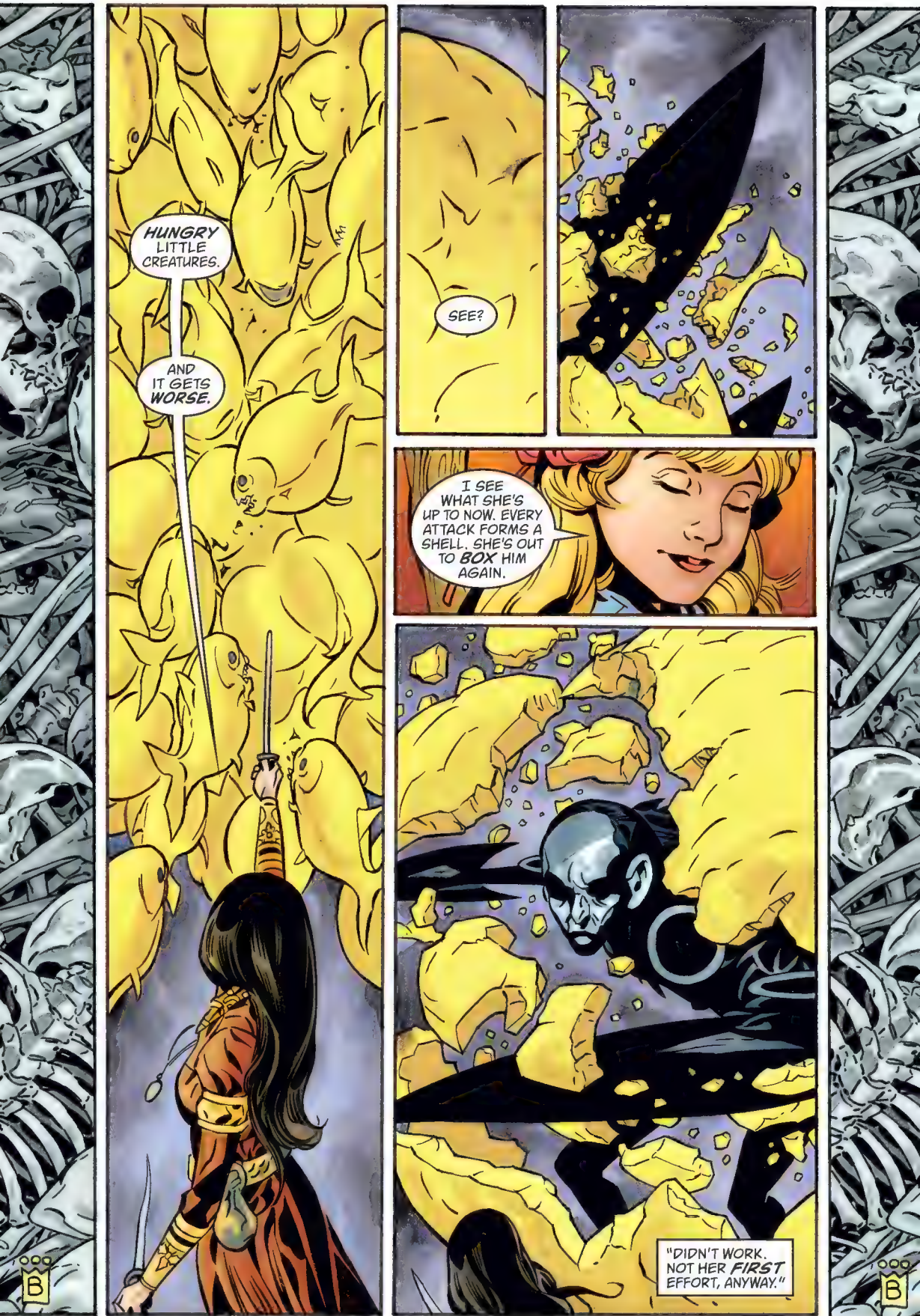


YOU WANT TO ENGAGE IN A TEST OF CONJURING?

HERE.



AAAGGGHH!



HUNGRY  
LITTLE  
CREATURES.

AND  
IT GETS  
WORSE.

SEE?

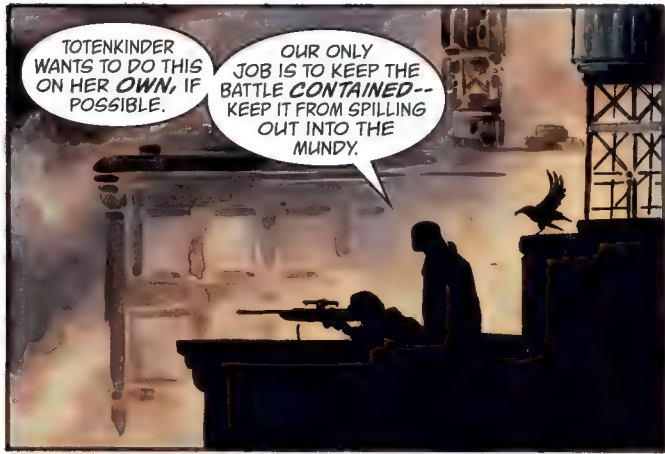
I SEE  
WHAT SHE'S  
UP TO NOW. EVERY  
ATTACK FORMS A  
SHELL. SHE'S OUT  
TO BOX HIM  
AGAIN.

"DIDN'T WORK.  
NOT HER *FIRST*  
EFFORT, ANYWAY."






DON'T FIRE  
UNLESS THE BATTLE  
THREATENS TO EXPAND  
OUTSIDE OF THE OLD  
FABLETOWN AREA.



TOTENKINDER  
WANTS TO DO THIS  
ON HER *OWN*, IF  
POSSIBLE.


OUR ONLY  
JOB IS TO KEEP THE  
BATTLE *CONTAINED*--  
KEEP IT FROM SPILLING  
OUT INTO THE  
MUNDY.




THINK OF US  
AS A LIVING CORRAL  
FENCE.

REMEMBER  
YOUR STANDING  
ORDERS?


SURE.



INDULGE  
ME. REPEAT THEM  
FOR MY BENEFIT, SO  
I CAN SHARE YOUR  
*CONFIDENCE*.



TAKE ONE SHOT  
AND ONLY ONE SHOT.  
THEN RELOCATE. THEN  
REACQUIRE THE TARGET.  
THEN TAKE ANOTHER SHOT  
IF NEEDED. REPEAT AS  
NECESSARY, ET CETERA,  
ET CETERA.



OH, YEAH--  
AND BE READY TO  
ACCOUNT LATER FOR EACH  
FAR-TOO-EXPENSIVE  
GOLDEN BULLET  
FIRED.

CORRECT. IF  
YOU FAIL TO FOLLOW  
THAT DOCTRINE TO THE  
LETTER, YOU'D BETTER  
*HOPE* THE DARK MAN  
GETS TO YOU BEFORE  
I DO.

ALL SNIPER  
POSITIONS REPORT  
IN, BY THE NUMBERS.  
ACKNOWLEDGE THAT  
YOU ALSO UNDER-  
STAND YOUR  
ORDERS.



THAT WAS PATHETIC.

TRY TO ENCLOSE ME IN A SHELL OF FISHBONE AND PETRIFIED ANIMA?

ME?

I MUST REMIND MYSELF THAT YOU'RE A SIMPLE COUNTRY CONJURE HAG, SANS FORMAL TRAINING.

IT'S MY OWN FAULT THAT I'M DISAPPOINTED IN YOUR AMATEURISH EFFORTS.

AFTER THE NORTH WIND TALKED YOU UP SO MUCH, I ACTUALLY ALLOWED MYSELF TO HOPE THIS WOULD BE AN INTERESTING CHALLENGE



I MAY SURPRISE YOU YET.

BRINE SALT!



WHAT--?!



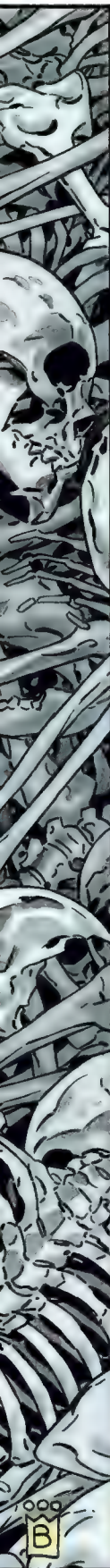
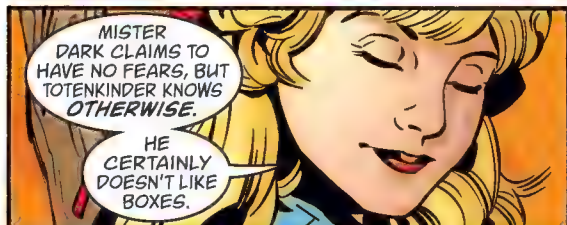
WHAT HAVE YOU OPENED, WOMAN?

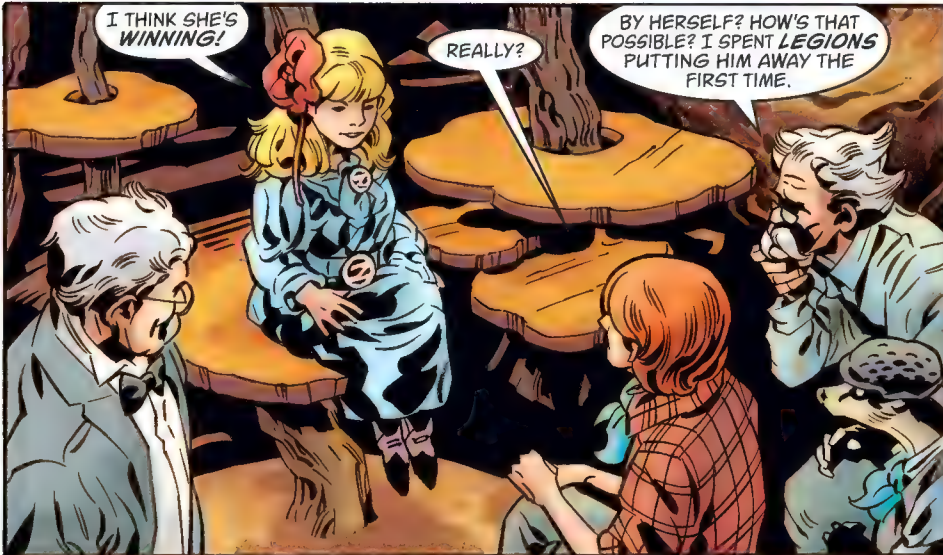
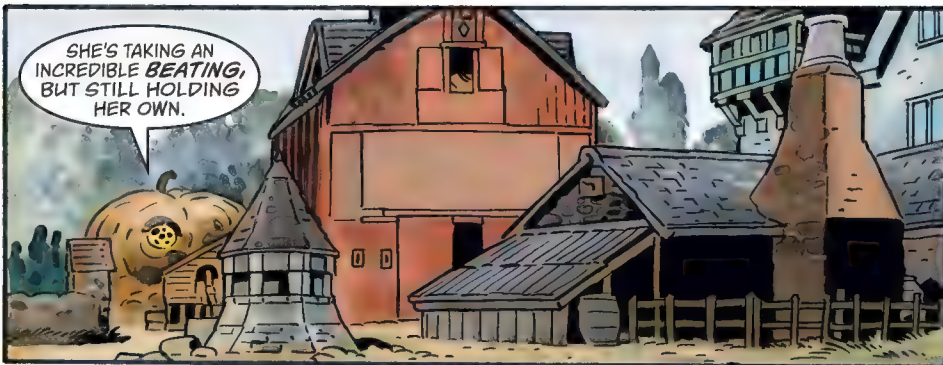
DRAWING ME--INEXORABLY IN!

AN EMPTY ROOM. ANOTHER SORT OF BOX.



NOT EVEN MAGIC, BUT GRADE-SCHOOL MUNDY SCIENCE. A COMPLETELY EMPTY ROOM CREATES A VACUUM.





# Chapter Three: The Labor Party





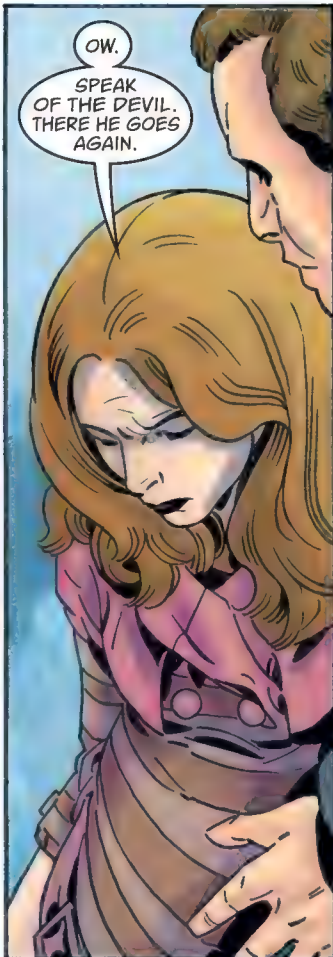
NOT TOO BAD. JUNIOR WAS KICKING LIKE A *MULE* EARLY THIS MORNING. TYPICALLY, THOUGH, NOW THAT I'M FINALLY WIDE AWAKE, HE'S SETTLED DOWN FOR A NAP.

HE? ARE YOU **CERTAIN** SHE'LL BE A HE?



NO, NOT AT ALL, BUT IF IT'S A GIRL, I'M AFRAID SHE'S NOT GOING TO BE A *DAINTY* ONE.

NONSENSE. SHE'LL BE THE FAIREST IN ALL THE LAND. THAT'S THE STANDARD *DEAL* WITH OUR TYPE, GUARANTEED.



OW.  
SPEAK OF THE DEVIL. THERE HE GOES AGAIN.



IS IT BAD?  
DO YOU NEED TO **LIE DOWN**? LET'S GET YOU OUT OF THIS COLD DRIZZLE.



**OW!**

HONEY?







SO NOW,  
LET'S END THIS  
PROPERLY!

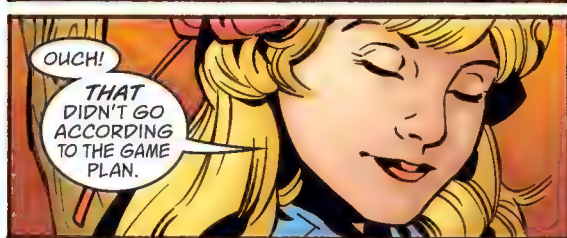
WITH  
THE BRUTAL  
MATHEMATICS OF  
KNIFE AND  
CLAW!

ALONG WITH A PINCH OF APPLIED PRESSURE.



NO!

YYUURRGK!



OUCH!

THAT DIDN'T GO ACCORDING TO THE GAME PLAN.



I'LL NOT BE BOXED AGAIN!

NOT BY SERPENT'S COILS, OR GHOST DOORS, OR AUGHT ELSE!



SUIT YOURSELF.



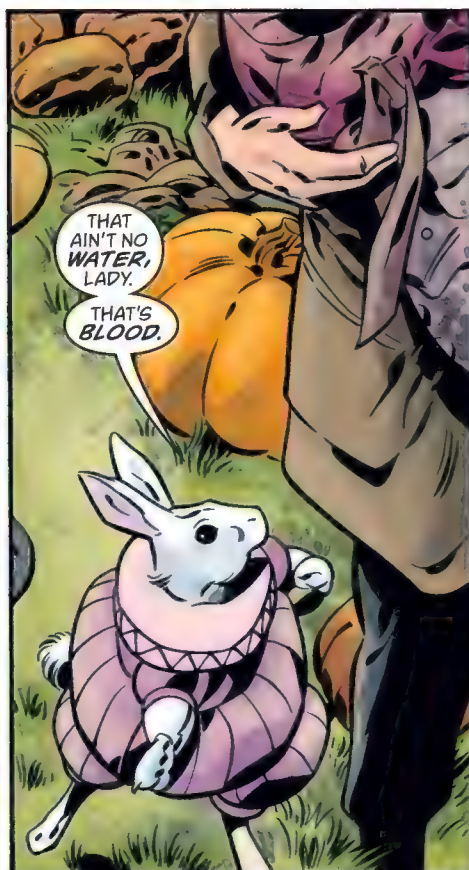


STAND ASIDE, PLEASE!

I NEED TO GET THROUGH!

HONEY, I DON'T FEEL--

--I THINK MY WATER BROKE.



THAT AIN'T NO WATER, LADY. THAT'S BLOOD.



WHICH *ISN'T* A GOOD THING, RIGHT?

YOU HUMAN-TYPE FABLES AREN'T SUPPOSED TO BLEED LIKE A STUCK PIG WHEN YOU DROP A CALF, RIGHT?

ONE SIDE, PLEASE!



YOU COULDN'T HAVE FOUND A WAY TO SAY THAT WITHOUT THE GRATUITOUS PIG COMMENT?

NURSE SPRATT!

WE NEED HELP HERE!



I THINK MY WIFE IS GOING INTO LABOR, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING **WRONG!**

THAT ISN'T CORRECT, SHERIFF. YOUR WIFE ISN'T DUE FOR ANOTHER **TWO WEEKS** YET.



RIGHT. THAT'S **CLEARLY** WHY I SAID THERE'S SOMETHING **WRONG!**

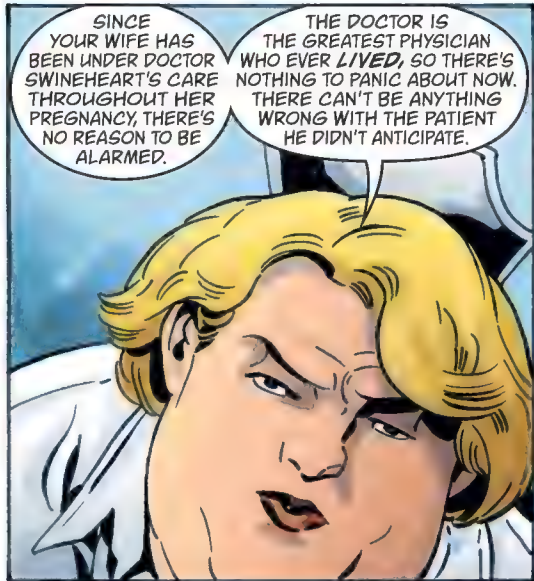
**DON'T** USE THAT TONE WITH **ME**, MISTER BEAST! I'VE BEEN IN THE CARING PROFESSION **MUCH** TOO LONG TO LET MYSELF BE **ABUSED** BY SMART-MOULDED PATIENTS!



I WON'T **HAVE** IT!

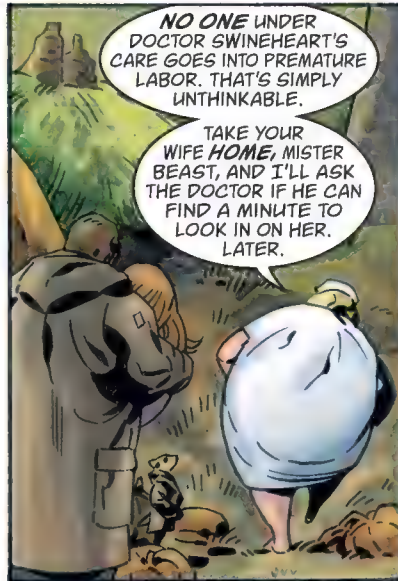
**OHHHH... AAAAHHH... OHHHH!**

**DAMMIT, LADY! DO SOMETHING! WHERE'S THE DOCTOR?**



SINCE YOUR WIFE HAS BEEN UNDER DOCTOR SWINEHEART'S CARE THROUGHOUT HER PREGNANCY, THERE'S NO REASON TO BE ALARMED.

THE DOCTOR IS THE GREATEST WHO'S EVER **LIVED**, SO THERE'S NOTHING TO PANIC ABOUT NOW. THERE CAN'T BE ANYTHING **WRONG** WITH THE PATIENT HE DIDN'T ANTICIPATE.



**NO ONE** UNDER DOCTOR SWINEHEART'S CARE GOES INTO PREMATURE LABOR. THAT'S SIMPLY UNTHINKABLE.

TAKE YOUR WIFE **HOME**, MISTER BEAST, AND I'LL ASK THE DOCTOR IF HE CAN FIND A MINUTE TO LOOK IN ON HER. **LATER.**

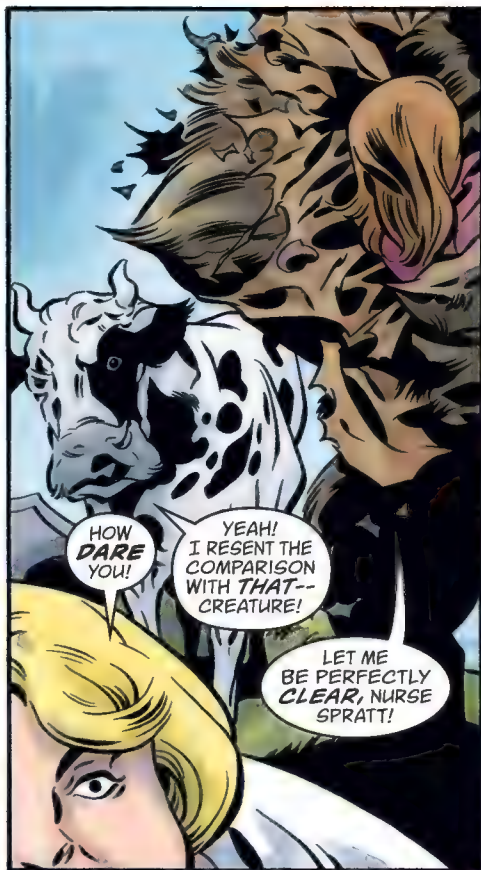


HONESTLY, THE WAY SOME OF YOU CARRY ON, RESPONDING TO EVERY LITTLE BUMP AND SCRATCH AS IF IT'S A MEDICAL CRISIS.

NURSE SPRATT!

TURN AROUND, YOU FAT, UGLY COW!

HEY!



HOW DARE YOU!

YEAH! I RESENT THE COMPARISON WITH THAT-- CREATURE!

LET ME BE PERFECTLY CLEAR, NURSE SPRATT!



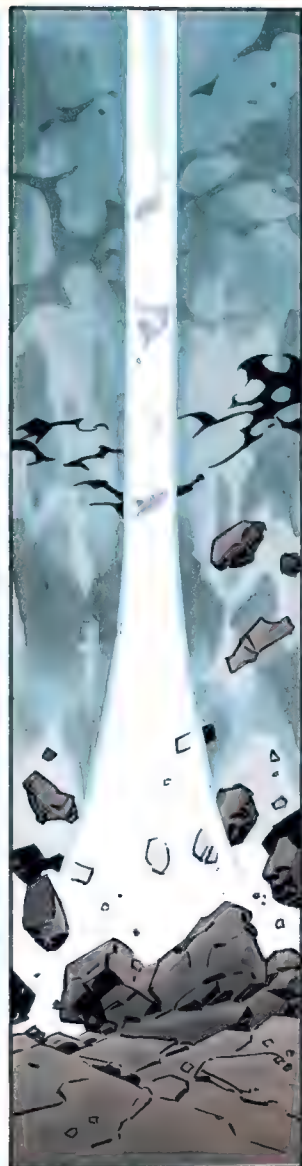
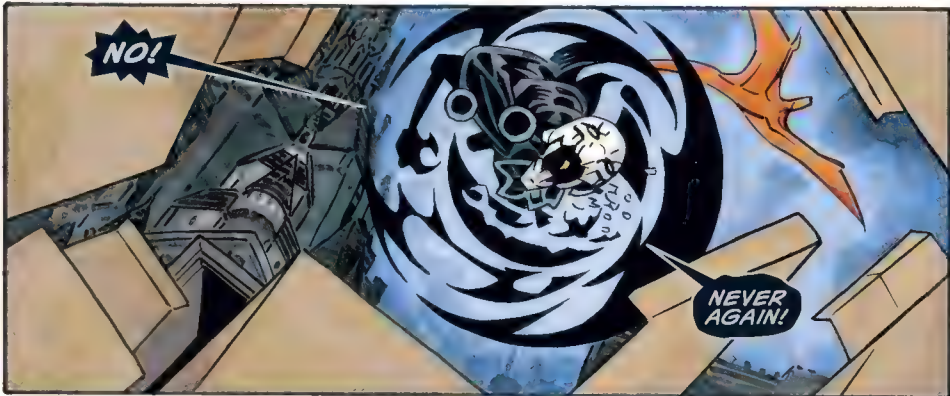
YOU WILL TAKE US TO THE DOCTOR THIS INSTANT, OR I WILL PLUCK OUT THAT WITHERED LUMP OF SPITE AND GRISTLE THAT PASSES FOR YOUR HEART AND CHEW ON IT WHILE YOU WATCH.

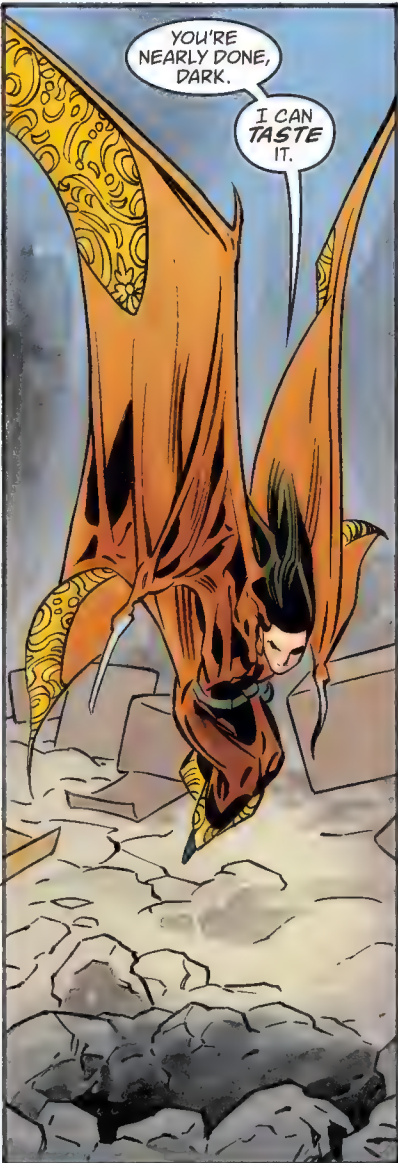
OH, MY.

SOMEBODY BETTER GO GET ROSE RED!

SHE'S BUSY. WE SHOULD FIND CLARA OR SNOW WHITE!

Chapter  
four: **The Sweet Science**





YOU'RE NEARLY DONE, DARK.

I CAN TASTE IT.



NO SHAME IN ENDING IT NOW--WHILE SIMPLE CONFINEMENT IS STILL AN OPTION.



I WON'T!  
I CAN'T!

VERY WELL, BUT THAT'S THE LAST MERCY I'LL OFFER.



CHAGALL!

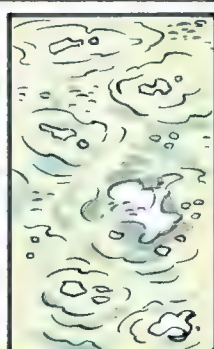
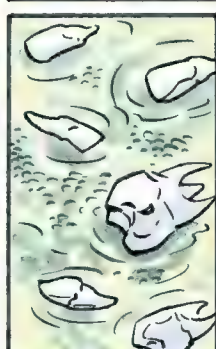


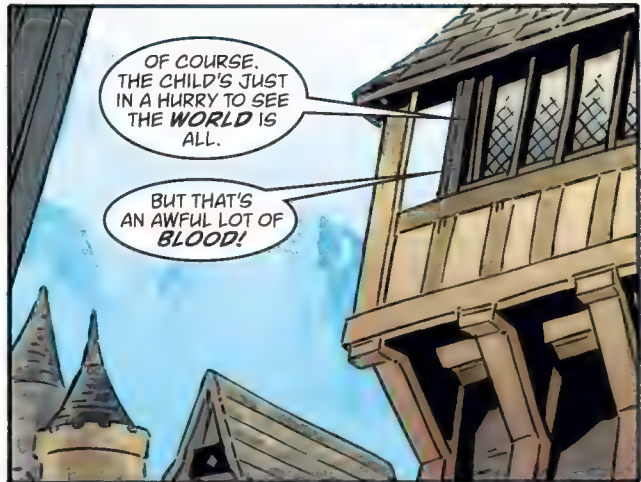
FORGIVE A RETURN TO COMFORTABLE OLD THEMES.

BUT IT'S SO LONG SINCE I'VE WORKED WITH SWEETS, I'VE GROWN NOSTALGIC.











YOU DON'T **DESERVE** SOMEONE LIKE THE GOOD DOCTOR--THE WAY YOU **MALIGN** HIM. HE SHOULD'VE LISTENED TO ME AND MADE YOU GO OUT INTO THE **MUNDY** TO HAVE YOUR BABY.

IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S **GOOD** FOR YOU, STEP AWAY FROM ME, WOMAN.

MAY I SPEAK TO YOU FOR A MOMENT, NURSE?

IT'S **HARDLY** MY PLACE TO SAY THIS, AND GOD KNOWS THIS ISN'T THE TIME, BUT I SUSPECT THERE'S NO IDEAL TIME FOR IT.

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, MISS WHITE? I SHOULDN'T BE AWAY FROM THE DOCTOR FOR TOO LONG.



YOU'RE AN UGLY, MEAN AND NASTY PERSON, MRS. SPRATT.

OF ALL THE **GALL!** HOW DARE YOU?!



I KNOW. IT'S NOT A PLEASANT THING TO HEAR, AND I CERTAINLY GET NO JOY IN SAYING IT, BUT THE **GOOD NEWS** IS YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO HEAR ME **REPEAT** IT.

THIS IS A ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME SORT OF WARNING.

YOU HAVE THE ALMOST SINGULAR MISFORTUNE OF BEING AN UNATTRACTIVE WOMAN IN A COMMUNITY OF-- WELL, WITHOUT TRYING TO BE **VAIN**: OF EXTRAORDINARILY LOVELY WOMEN.

I REALIZE THAT MUST BE INFURIATING TO ENDURE, BUT THOSE WERE THE **CARDS** YOU WERE **DEALT**. NOTHING CAN BE DONE ABOUT THE WHIMSICAL GIFTS OF NATURE.





IT'S AN IRREFUTABLE LAW OF HUMAN NATURE--AND I'M INCLUDING **FABLEKIND** HERE--THAT **ATTRACTIVE** PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS GOING TO HAVE ADVANTAGES OVER THOSE LACKING PHYSICAL BEAUTY.

NOW, THE BEST OF ALL IS TO BE BOTH PLEASANT AND LOVELY.



I'VE BEEN A BITCH AT TIMES AND NICE AT OTHER TIMES. BELIEVE ME, NICE IS BETTER.

ONE CAN GET AWAY WITH BEING A BITCH IF SHE'S ALSO PRETTY. NOT **FAIR**, BUT TRUE JUST THE SAME.



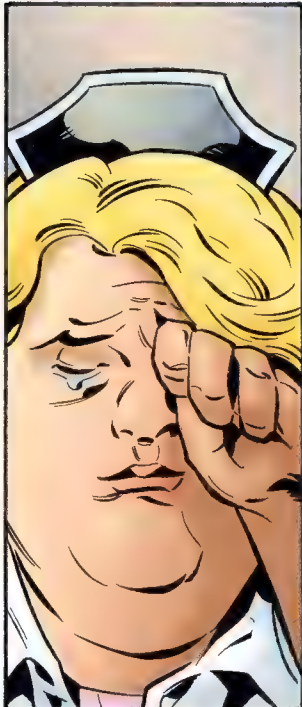
CONVERSELY, ONE CAN ALSO GET AWAY WITH BEING UGLY AS A TROLL, IF SHE'S ALSO PLEASANT. IN SOME UNKNOWN BUT VERY REAL WAY, A GOOD PERSONALITY **DOES** ADD ATTRACTIVENESS POINTS.

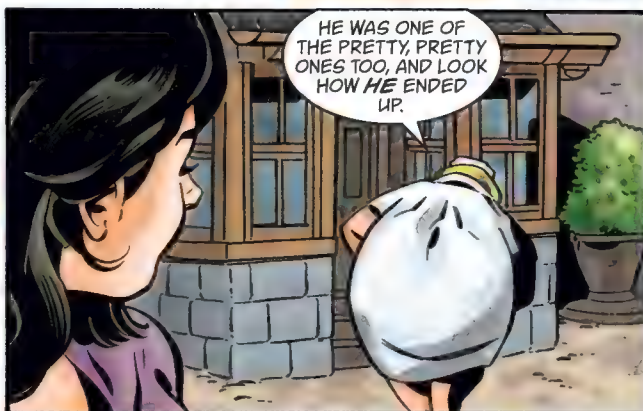
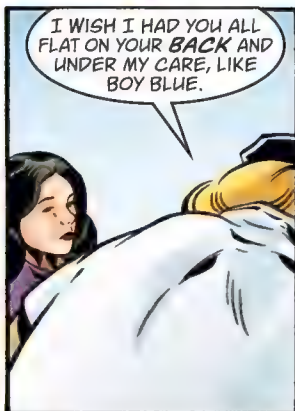
ANY OF THOSE CATEGORIES CAN RESULT IN LEADING A GOOD AND SATISFYING LIFE--OR AT LEAST GOOD ENOUGH.



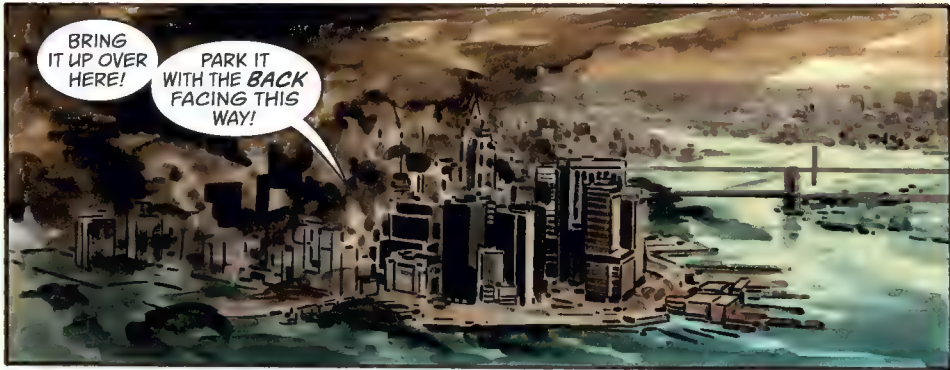
BUT ONE THING NO ONE CAN EVER GET AWAY WITH IS BEING BOTH UGLY AND MEAN.

SO, TRY TO BE NICER. TRY **REALLY** HARD, MRS. SPRATT, BEFORE SOMEONE HAS ENOUGH OF YOUR POISON AND DECIDES TO DO SOMETHING **PERMANENT** ABOUT IT.



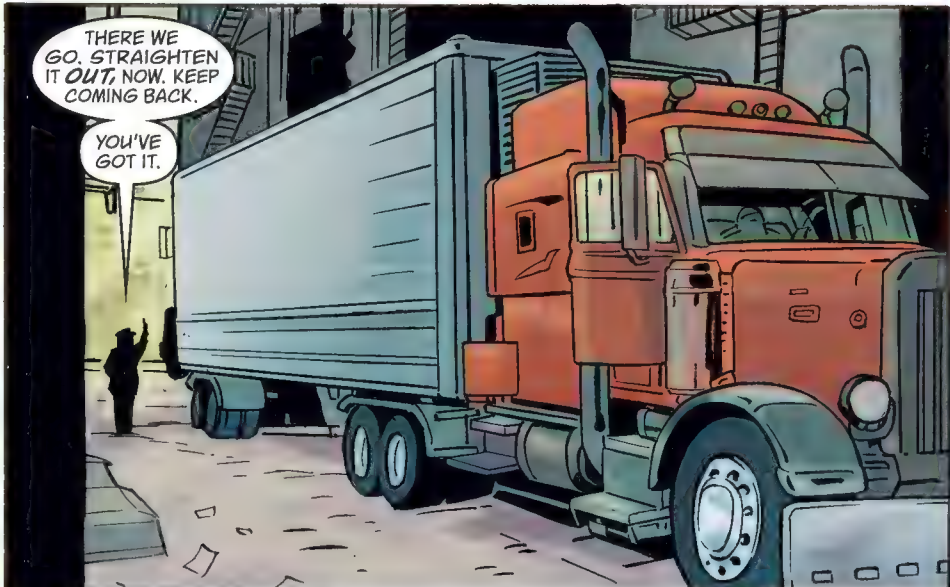


# Chapter five: Gold Rush



BRING IT UP OVER HERE!

PARK IT WITH THE *BACK* FACING THIS WAY!



THERE WE GO. STRAIGHTEN IT *OUT*, NOW. KEEP COMING BACK.

YOU'VE GOT IT.



I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT WE'RE DOING, GRIMBLE! HAULING ALL THIS *GOLD* DOWN INTO THE CITY!

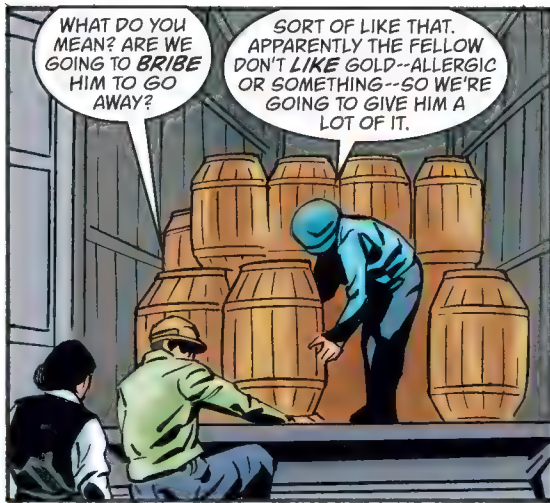
I KNOW. I KEPT THINKING WE WERE GOING TO BE PULLED OVER BY THE MUNDYS.

LET'S GET IT UNLOADED.



WHAT'S IT FOR? WHY TAKE IT TO AN ALLEY WHERE THIEVES COULD JUMP US? I THOUGHT WE WERE--I DON'T KNOW--HAULING IT TO SOME BIG CITY *BANK* OR SOMETHING.

NOPE. THE *GOLD* IS FOR THE DARK MAN.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN? ARE WE GOING TO **BRIBE** HIM TO GO AWAY?

SORT OF LIKE THAT. APPARENTLY THE FELLOW DON'T **LIKE** GOLD--ALLERGIC OR SOMETHING--SO WE'RE GOING TO GIVE HIM A LOT OF IT.



I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

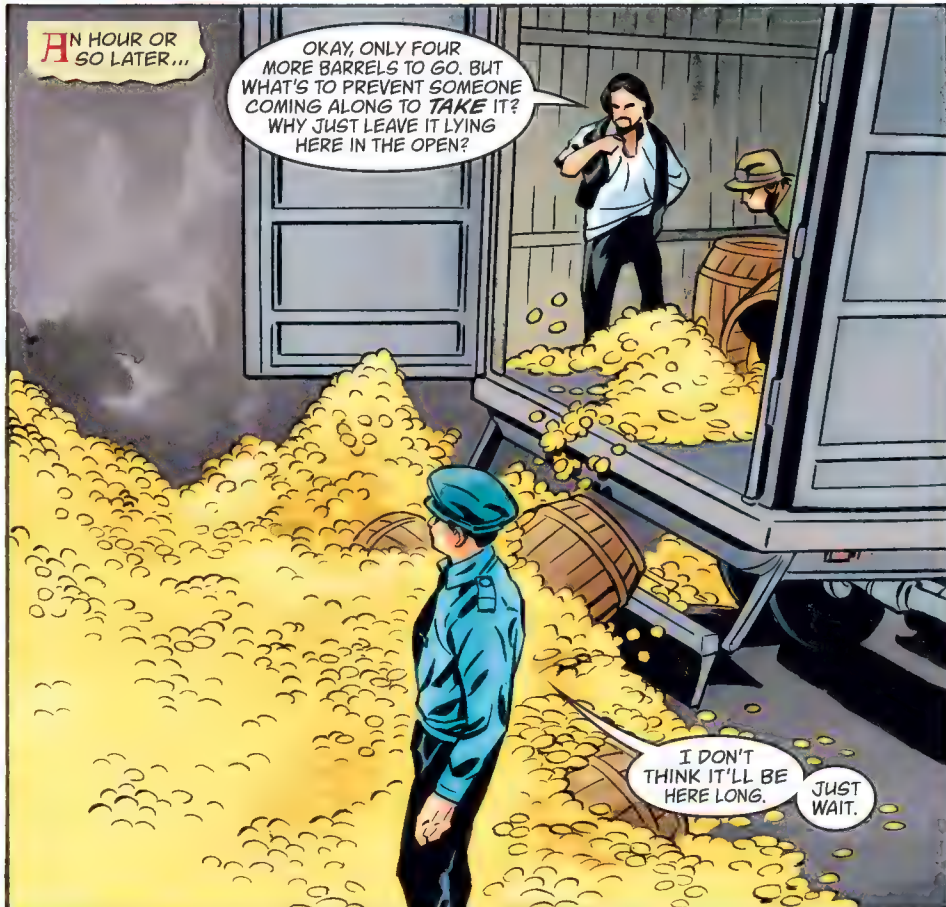
WE DON'T **NEED** TO UNDERSTAND. WE JUST NEED TO GET THESE CASKS OPEN, AND--



HELL, THIS ISN'T WORKING. LET'S JUST **TIP** THEM OVER!

START A BIG PILE BEHIND THE TRUCK!

YOW!



**A**N HOUR OR SO LATER...

OKAY, ONLY FOUR MORE BARRELS TO GO. BUT WHAT'S TO PREVENT SOMEONE COMING ALONG TO **TAKE** IT? WHY JUST LEAVE IT LYING HERE IN THE OPEN?

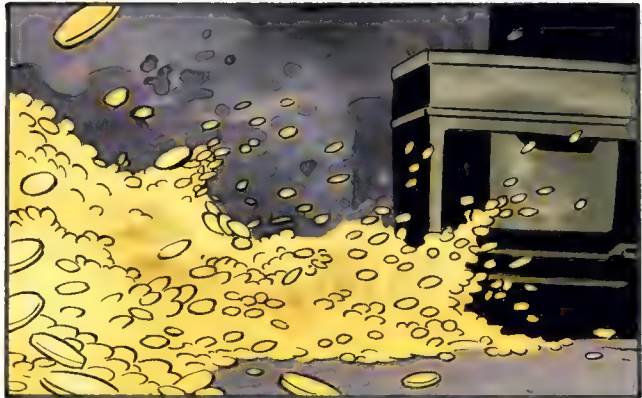
I DON'T THINK IT'LL BE HERE LONG.

JUST WAIT.





A SIMPLE ANIMATION SPELL--A *TRIFLING* THING THAT ANY APPRENTICE SORCERER LEARNS IN HIS FIRST YEAR.

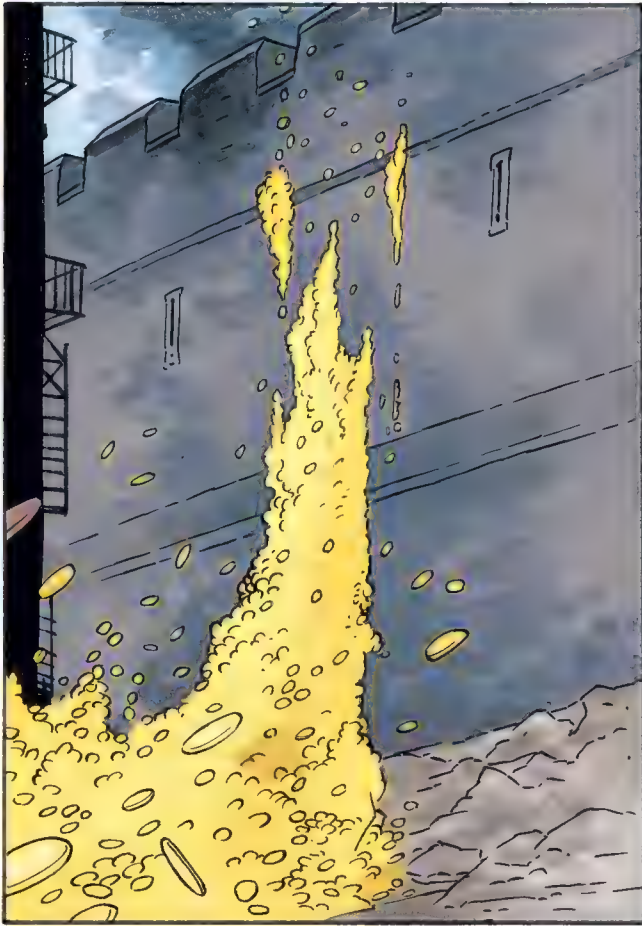
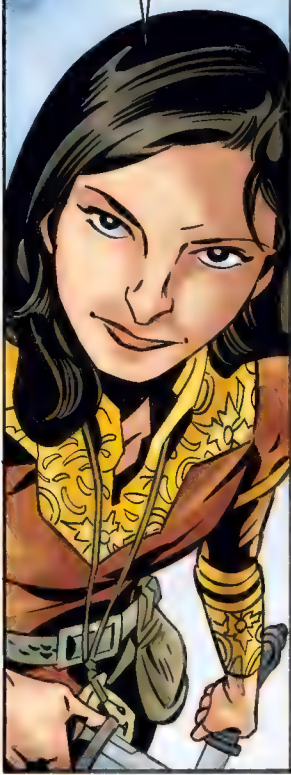


BUT MULTIPLIED BY A FACTOR OF THOUSANDS.

*MANY THOUSANDS!*



YOUR NEW **BOX** IS ON THE WAY, DULADAN.





SSSSSSSS

AAAAUGHH!

AN ANIMATION SPELL MARRIED TO AN ATTRACTION SPELL.

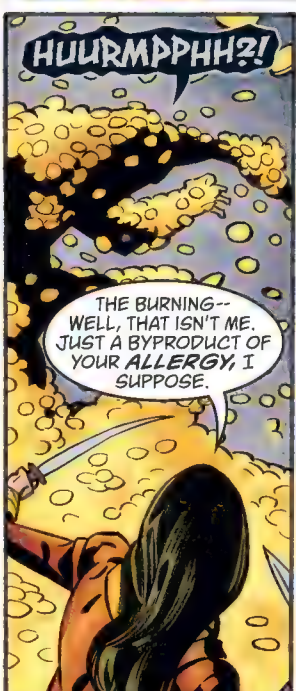


AOWW!

SSSSSSSS

SSSSSSSS

TWO MINOR WORKINGS THAT COMBINE WITH TERRIBLE CONSEQUENCE.



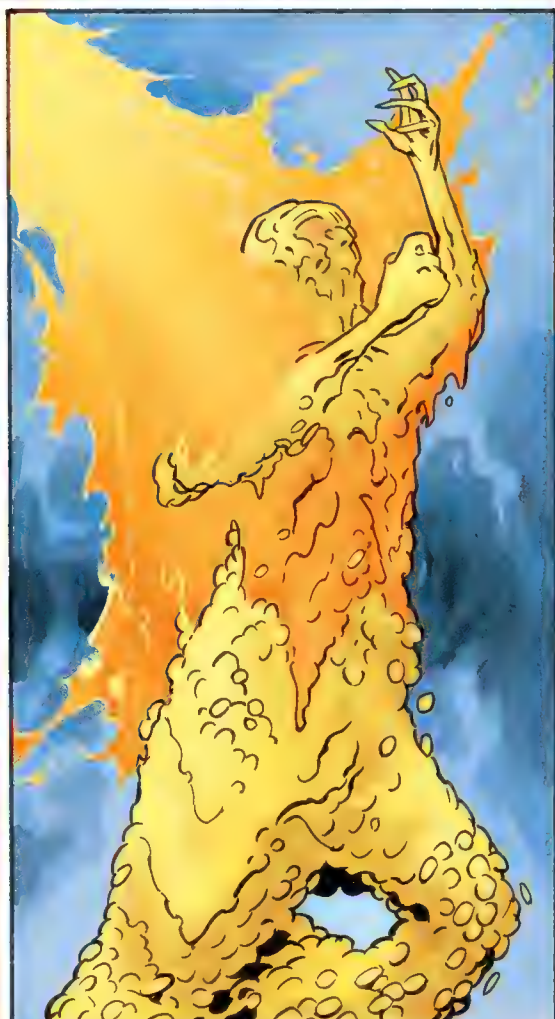
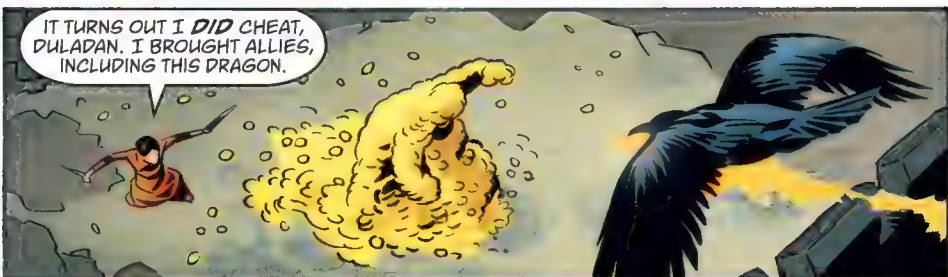
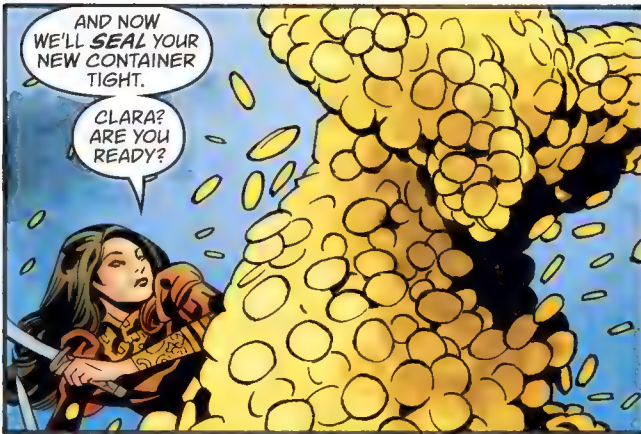
HUURMPHH?!

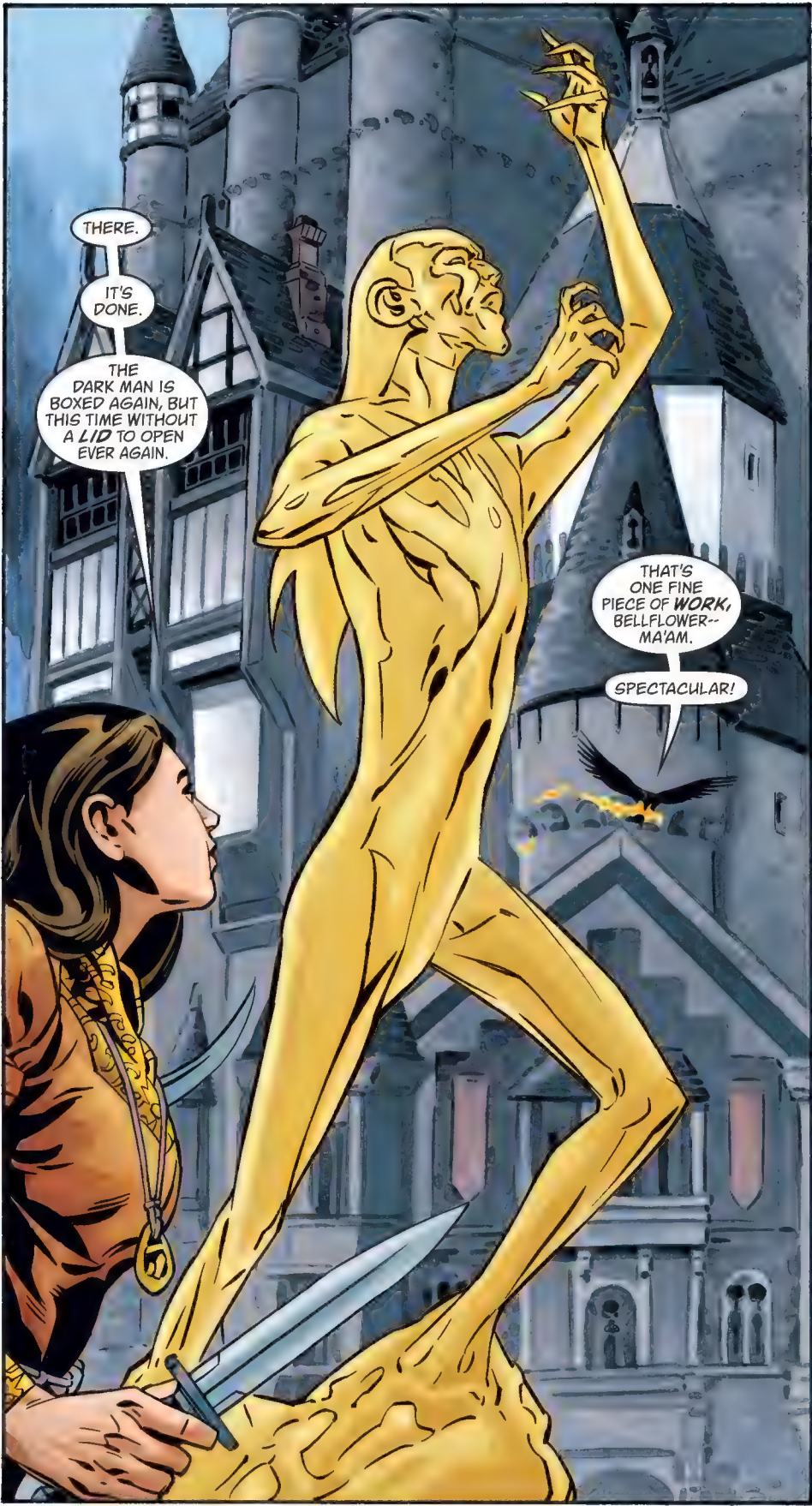
THE BURNING-- WELL, THAT ISN'T ME. JUST A BYPRODUCT OF YOUR ALLERGY, I SUPPOSE.



WE REALIZED WE COULD NEVER LURE YOU INTO A BOX AGAIN, SO I HAD TO SETTLE FOR MAKING THE BOX COME TO YOU.

AN ELEGANT SOLUTION, DON'T YOU THINK?





THERE.

IT'S DONE.

THE DARK MAN IS BOXED AGAIN, BUT THIS TIME WITHOUT A LID TO OPEN EVER AGAIN.

THAT'S ONE FINE PIECE OF WORK, BELLFLOWER-- MA'AM.

SPECTACULAR!

# Chapter **The Murpleblost** Six: **Situation**

THE PARTY THAT FOLLOWED THE DARK MAN'S DEFEAT LASTED ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT AND WELL INTO THE NEXT DAY.

AND IT SEEMS WE'VE A LOVELY GOLDEN STATUE TO DECORATE THE MAIN COURTYARD OF THE NEW CASTLE WE CAN MOVE INTO.

FABLETOWN WILL LIVE AGAIN! BIGGER AND BETTER THAN BEFORE!

I'M HAPPY FOR YOU. I'M ALSO HAPPY TO SEE AN END TO THE TENT CITY REFUGEE CAMP HERE ON THE FARM.

WILL IT BE SAFE--THIS MEDIEVAL CASTLE IN THE HEART OF MANHATTAN?

THE WITCHES COUNCIL INSPECTED THE SPELLS AROUND IT. THEY ASSURE US THE MUNDY CAN'T NOTICE IT. I GUESS WE'LL SEE.

OKAY, DEAR, THIS WAS LOVELY, BUT I SHOULD GET BACK TO **BEAUTY**. SEE IF I CAN SPELL THE SHERIFF FOR A FEW HOURS.

THIRTY-SEVEN HOURS OF LABOR AND COUNTING. THAT'S NOT EASY.

HONOR IS **DUE**, FRAU TOTE-- UHM, **BELFLOWER**. ALL OF US ARE IN YOUR **DEBT**. OF COURSE YOU'LL WANT TO RETURN TO YOUR LEADERSHIP ROLE AMONG THE WITCHES.

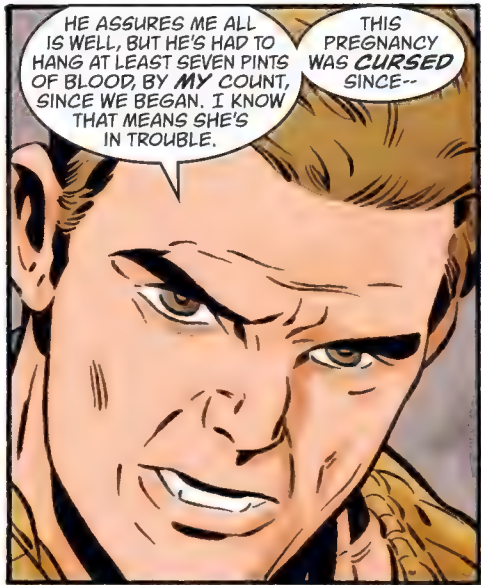
NO, I DON'T THINK SO, OZMA. IT'S **YOUR** TURN, NOW. I'M DONE. MY WARS ARE **OVER**. I FINALLY FOUND A GOOD MAN AND WE'VE DECIDED TO GO FAR, FAR AWAY TOGETHER.





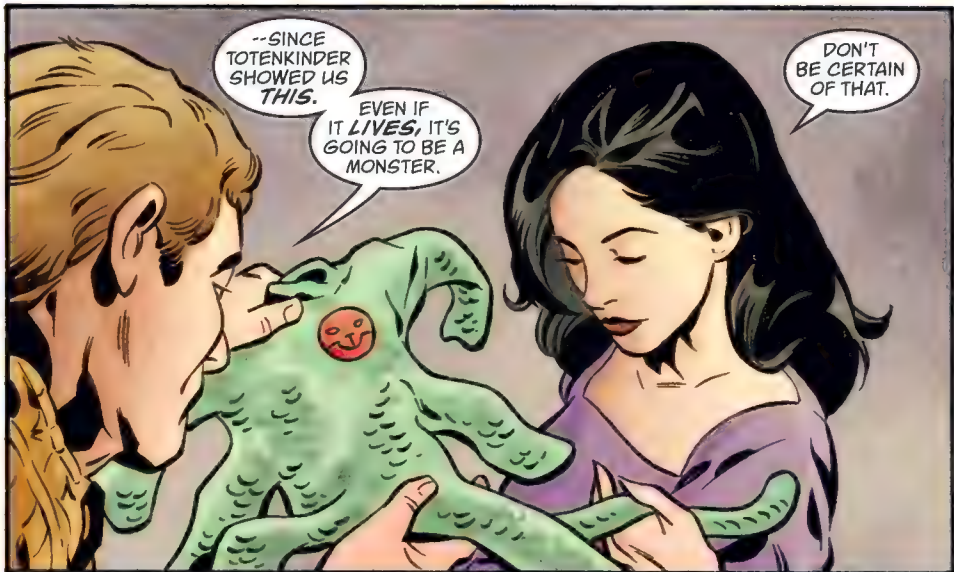
ANY NEWS?

NOT IN A WHILE, SNOW. THE DOCTOR KEEPS KICKING ME OUT.



HE ASSURES ME ALL IS WELL, BUT HE'S HAD TO HANG AT LEAST SEVEN PINTS OF BLOOD, BY MY COUNT, SINCE WE BEGAN. I KNOW THAT MEANS SHE'S IN TROUBLE.

THIS PREGNANCY WAS CURSED SINCE--



--SINCE TOTENKINDER SHOWED US THIS.

EVEN IF IT LIVES, IT'S GOING TO BE A MONSTER.

DON'T BE CERTAIN OF THAT.



THE OTHER WITCHES TELL ME TOTENKINDER HAS A WICKED SENSE OF HUMOR.

I THINK THE BEST THING YOU CAN DO RIGHT NOW IS STRETCH OUT ON THE COUCH AND TRY TO REST. I'LL TAKE OVER THE VIGIL FOR NOW, AND I PROMISE TO WAKE YOU RIGHT AWAY IF THERE'S NEWS.



I MIGHT HAVE TO TAKE YOU UP ON THAT, ONLY--

OH GOOD, YOU'RE STILL HERE, MISTER BEAST. IT'S ALL OVER-- FINALLY.



OH GOD, IT'S BAD NEWS!

MY WIFE IS DEAD!

OH, NO, NO, OF COURSE NOT. I DIDN'T MEAN TO SCARE YOU WITH MY DOUR EXPRESSION, BUT I'VE BEEN AWAKE FOR SO LONG.



YOUR WIFE WILL LIVE. SHE'S GOING TO NEED CAREFUL MONITORING AND LOTS OF BED REST, THOUGH--WEEKS AT LEAST.



THANK GOD! THANK YOU, TOO, DOCTOR! AND THE BABY?

SHE'S FINE, TOO.



SHE?

**SHE?**

I HAVE A DAUGHTER AND I'M A FATHER?

YES, THOUGH YOU'D **STILL** BE A FATHER IF IT WERE A BOY.



WANT TO SEE HER?

OF COURSE! HOW **DEFORMED** IS SHE? HOW MANY ARMS? IS THERE A TAIL? FANGS?

OH HELL, I DON'T CARE--AS LONG AS SHE'S **HEALTHY!** IS SHE HEALTHY?



SHE'S NOT DEFORMED AT ALL!

NO, AS I SAID, YOU HAVE A PERFECTLY NORMAL, PERFECTLY LOVELY BABY GIRL.

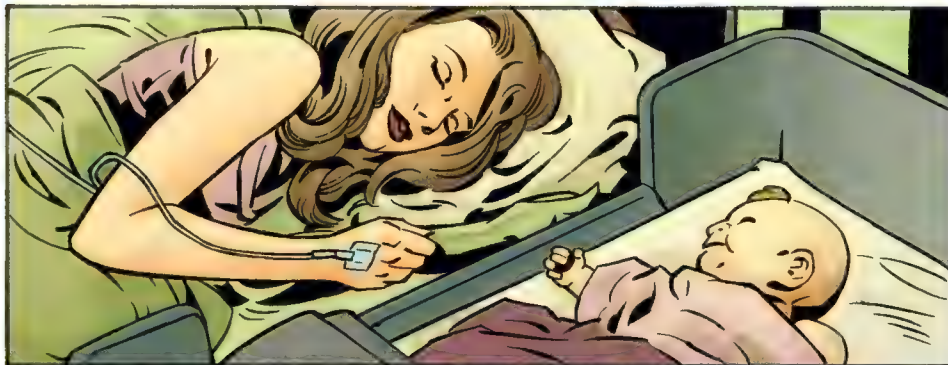
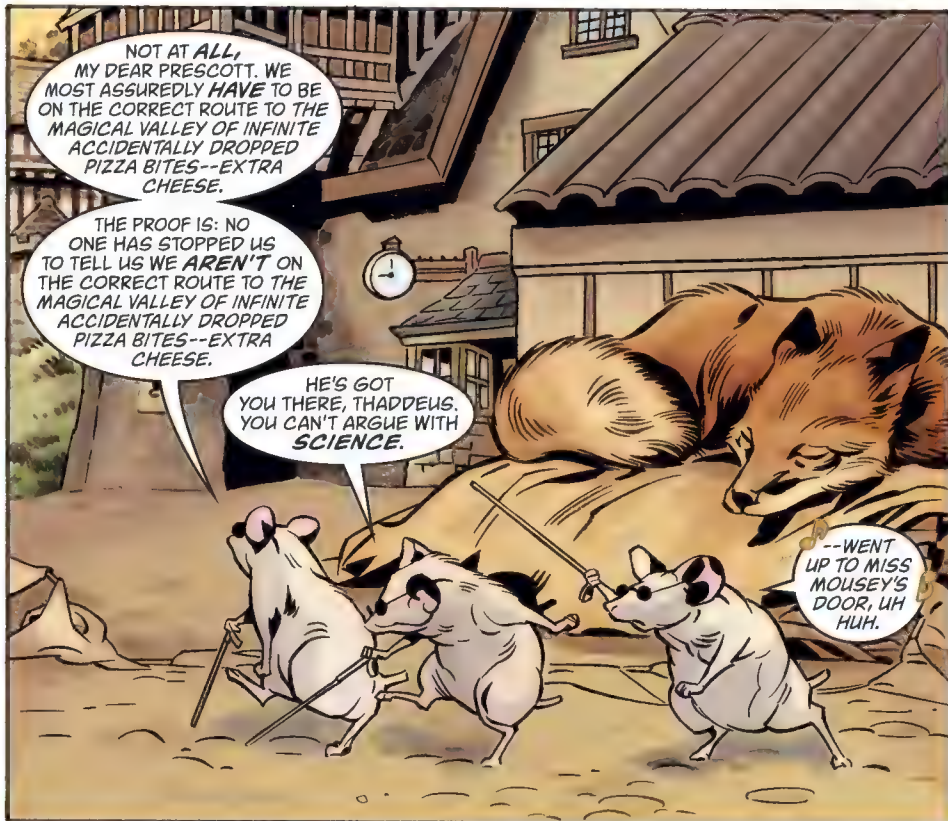
WHAT WILL WE CALL HER, HONEY? JOYSOAP? PLACENTA? MURPLEBLOST?

SNOW, PLEASE TELL MY DELIRIOUS HUSBAND HE'S NOT ALLOWED TO SUGGEST ANY MORE BABY NAMES UNTIL HE'S HAD AT LEAST THIRTY HOURS' SLEEP.

AS I SUSPECTED, KING COLE HAD AN ENTIRE BOX OF CIGARS SQUIRRELED AWAY. THAT PIRATE ALWAYS HAS HIDDEN LOOT.



# Chapter Seven: Or a Fortress Strong





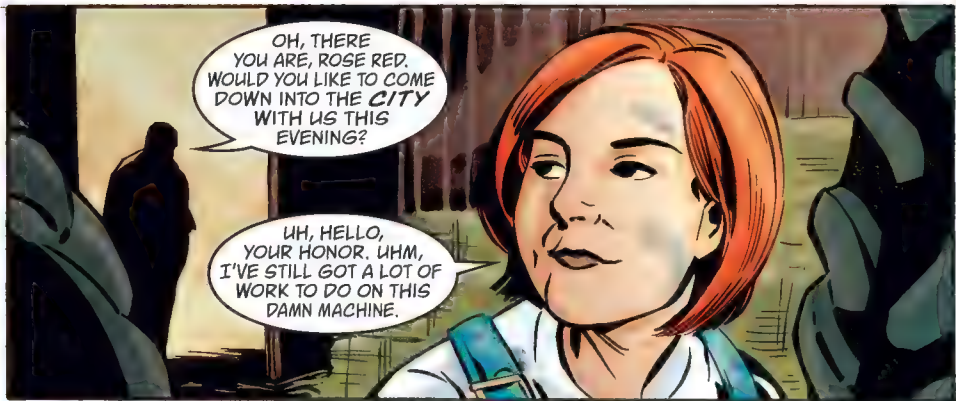
HAND ME THE SPANNER, PLEASE, MISTER HOBBS.

NO, THE BIGGER ONE.



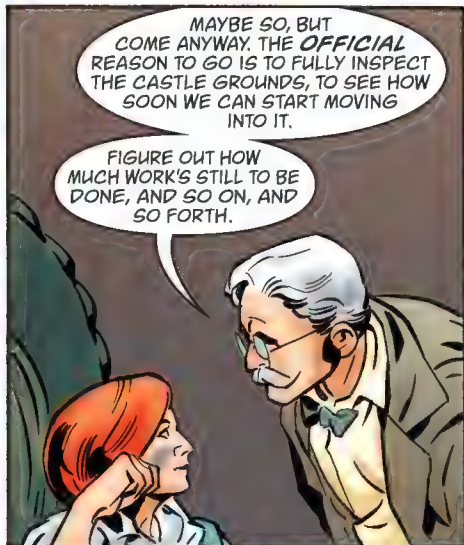
YOU'RE GOING TO GET THAT NICE SUIT ALL DIRTY, HOBBS, IF YOU KEEP WEARING IT TO DO FARM WORK.

CAN'T BE HELPED, MISS RED. IT'S THE ONLY CLOTHES I HAVE.



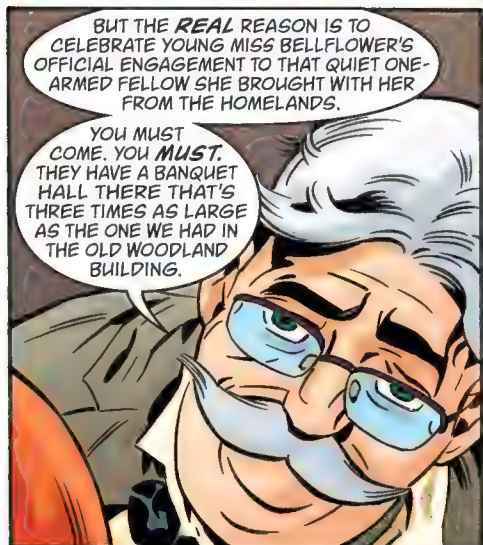
OH, THERE YOU ARE, ROSE RED. WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME DOWN INTO THE CITY WITH US THIS EVENING?

UH, HELLO, YOUR HONOR. UHM, I'VE STILL GOT A LOT OF WORK TO DO ON THIS DAMN MACHINE.



MAYBE SO, BUT COME ANYWAY. THE OFFICIAL REASON TO GO IS TO FULLY INSPECT THE CASTLE GROUNDS, TO SEE HOW SOON WE CAN START MOVING INTO IT.

FIGURE OUT HOW MUCH WORK'S STILL TO BE DONE, AND SO ON, AND SO FORTH.



BUT THE REAL REASON IS TO CELEBRATE YOUNG MISS BELLFLOWER'S OFFICIAL ENGAGEMENT TO THAT QUIET ONE-ARMED FELLOW SHE BROUGHT WITH HER FROM THE HOMELANDS.

YOU MUST COME. YOU MUST. THEY HAVE A BANQUET HALL THERE THAT'S THREE TIMES AS LARGE AS THE ONE WE HAD IN THE OLD WOODLAND BUILDING.

THAT EVENING...

ANOTHER TOAST TO THE FUTURE BRIDE! IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME COMING, EH, YOUNG LADY?

GET IT? I CALLED HER A YOUNG LADY, BECAUSE SHE IS YOUNG NOW! HA! AND PEOPLE SAY I'M NOT FUNNY! I'M VERY FUNNY!

HMM.

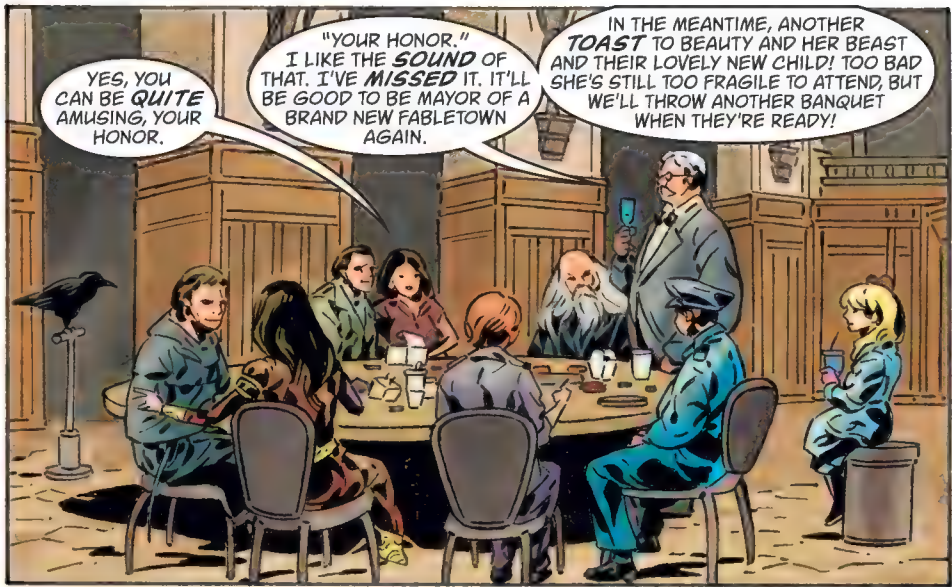
CAN'T SAY I'M MUCH IMPRESSED WITH THE WORKMANSHIP.

HAIRLINE CRACKS OVER EVERY SURFACE, NEAR ENOUGH.

SHODDY ATTENTION TO DETAIL, IF YOU ASK ME.

OH, MY!

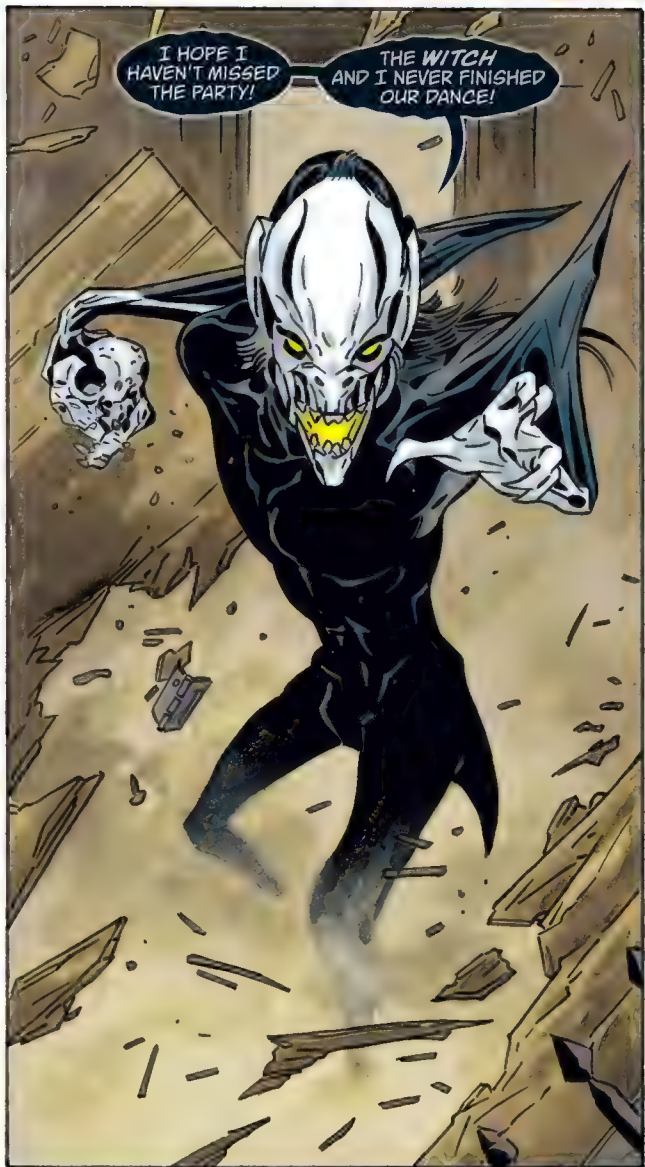




YES, YOU CAN BE *QUITE* AMUSING, YOUR HONOR.

"YOUR HONOR."  
I LIKE THE *SOUND* OF THAT. I'VE *MISSED* IT. IT'LL BE GOOD TO BE MAYOR OF A BRAND NEW FABLETOWN AGAIN.

IN THE MEANTIME, ANOTHER *TOAST* TO BEAUTY AND HER BEAST AND THEIR LOVELY NEW CHILD! TOO BAD SHE'S STILL TOO FRAGILE TO ATTEND, BUT WE'LL THROW ANOTHER BANQUET WHEN THEY'RE READY!

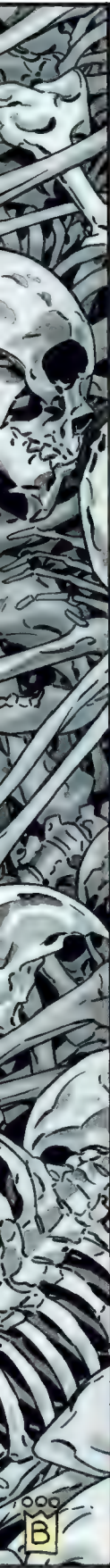
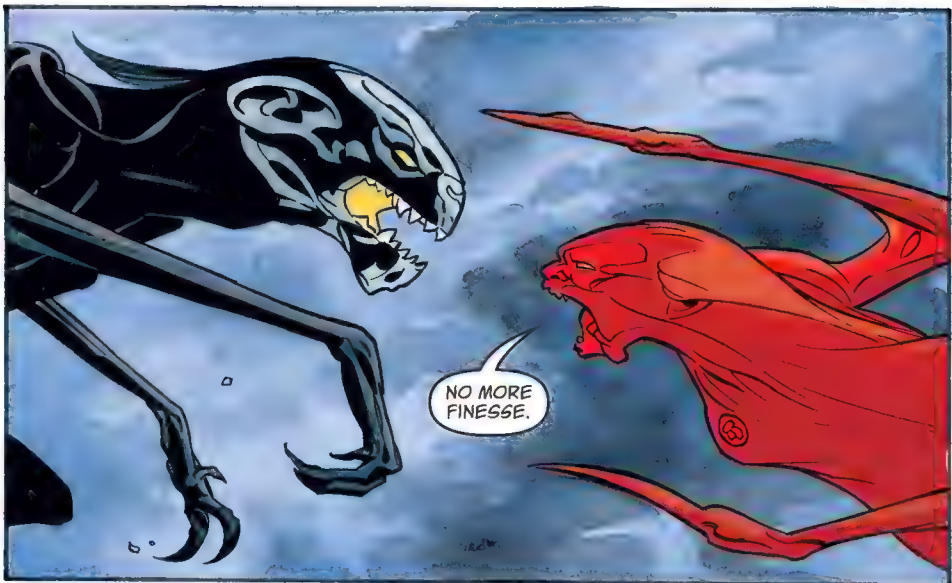


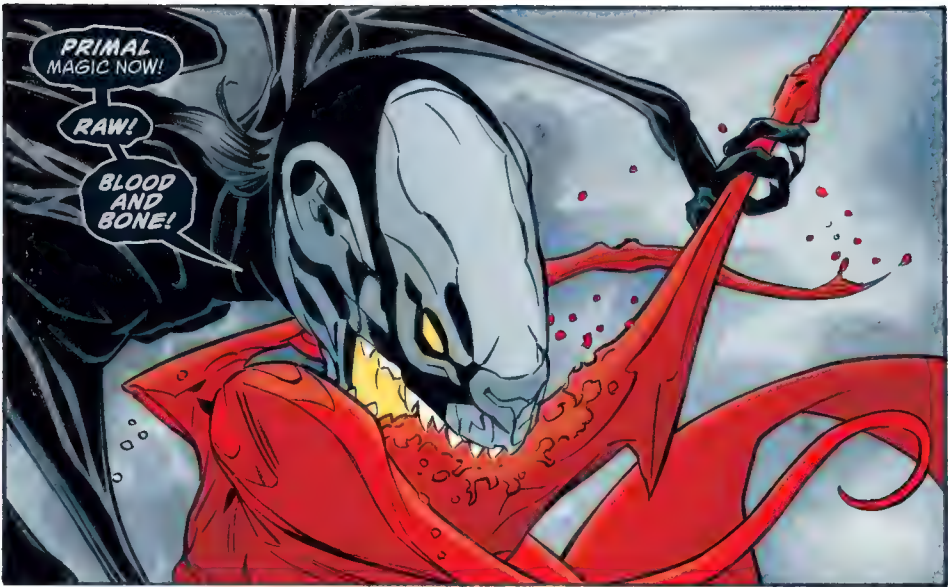
I HOPE I HAVEN'T MISSED THE PARTY!

THE *WITCH* AND I NEVER FINISHED OUR DANCE!



DAMN.  
I THOUGHT I HAD YOU WITH THE GOLD!





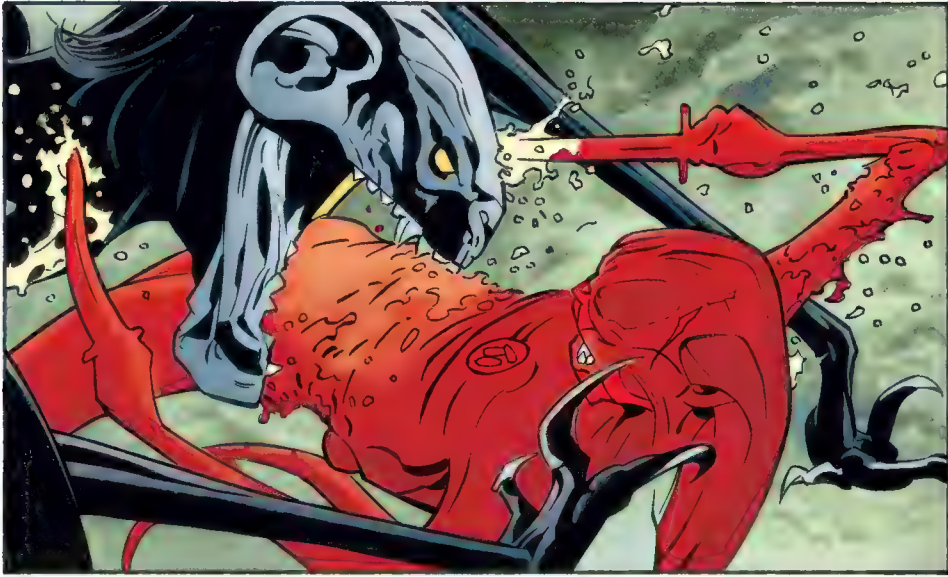
PRIMAL  
MAGIC NOW!

RAW!

BLOOD  
AND  
BONE!

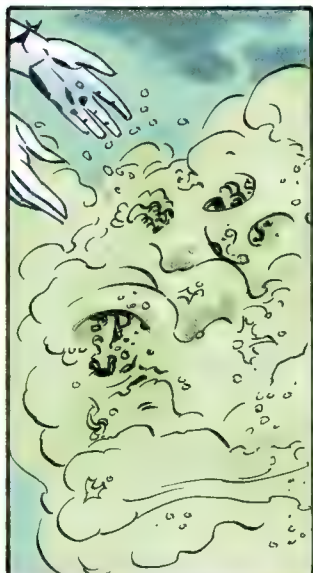
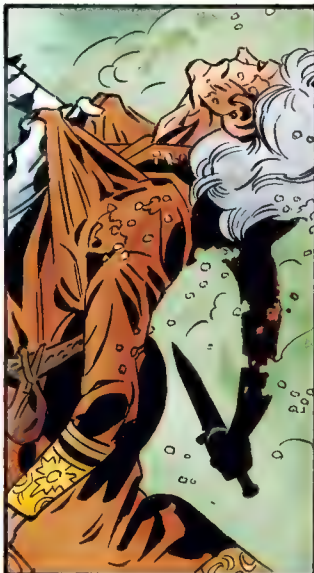


RRR  
RRR!









# Chapter Eight:

# Last Call

THE NEXT DAY...

WE DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH TIME WE HAVE, SO WE HAVE TO **ASSUME** WE'VE GOT NONE AT ALL.

WE'RE BUGGING OUT--ABANDONING THE FARM **TODAY**, MOVING TO FLYCATCHER'S KINGDOM IN HAVEN.

RIGHT NOW.

I'M INSTITUTING **OPERATION STALIN-GRAD**.

TAKE EVERYTHING YOU ABSOLUTELY **NEED**, AND NOTHING ELSE. ABOVE ALL, DON'T LEAVE ANYTHING--NOT THE **TINIEST** SCRAP OF PAPER--THAT POINTS THE WAY TO HAVEN.

IF YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU, MAKE SURE IT'S **DESTROYED**.



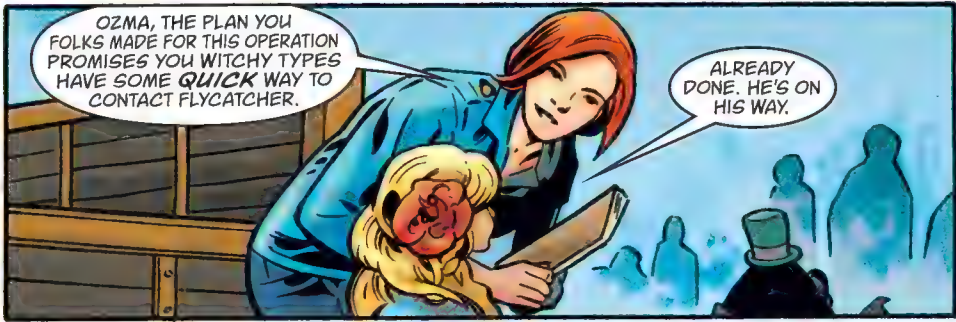
DESTROY ALL OUR HOUSES AND HUTS AND DENS AND NESTS?

HEAVENS, NO! I ONLY MEANT BURN ANYTHING THAT MIGHT POINT THE WAY TO WHERE WE'VE GONE.



BUT LEAVE THE FARM INTACT. DON'T DOUBT THAT THIS IS JUST A TEMPORARY RETREAT. WE'RE COMING BACK HERE SOON AND IN FORCE.

NOW, LET'S GET STARTED! ASSUME THE DARK MAN IS ON HIS WAY HERE RIGHT NOW!



OZMA, THE PLAN YOU FOLKS MADE FOR THIS OPERATION PROMISES YOU WITCHY TYPES HAVE SOME QUICK WAY TO CONTACT FLYCATCHER.

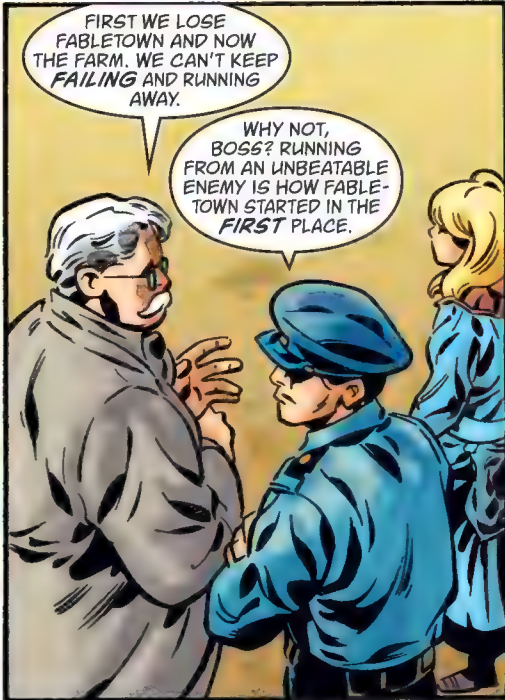
ALREADY DONE. HE'S ON HIS WAY.



CLARA, I WANT YOU TO TAKE CHARGE OF COVERING OUR TRACKS. MAKE SURE ANYTHING THAT MIGHT DIRECT THE ENEMY TO HAVEN IS INDEED REMOVED OR DESTROYED.

DRAFT ANYONE YOU NEED INTO YOUR CREW.

WILL DO, ROSE.



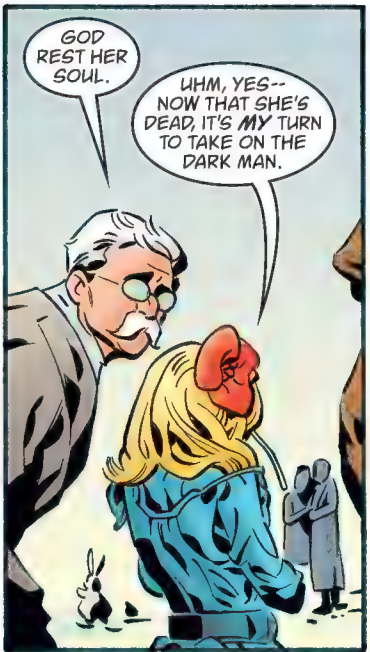
FIRST WE LOSE FABLETOWN AND NOW THE FARM. WE CAN'T KEEP FAILING AND RUNNING AWAY.

WHY NOT, BOSS? RUNNING FROM AN UNBEATABLE ENEMY IS HOW FABLETOWN STARTED IN THE FIRST PLACE.



AND THAT GAVE US THE TIME TO GATHER OUR STRENGTH AND EVENTUALLY **DEFEAT** THAT UNBEATABLE ENEMY. NOTHING WRONG WITH A STRATEGIC RETREAT.

GRIMBLE IS RIGHT. WE'RE NOT BEATEN. FAR FROM IT. NOW THAT TOTENKINDER IS **DEAD**--



GOD REST HER SOUL.

UHM, YES-- NOW THAT SHE'S DEAD, IT'S **MY** TURN TO TAKE ON THE DARK MAN.

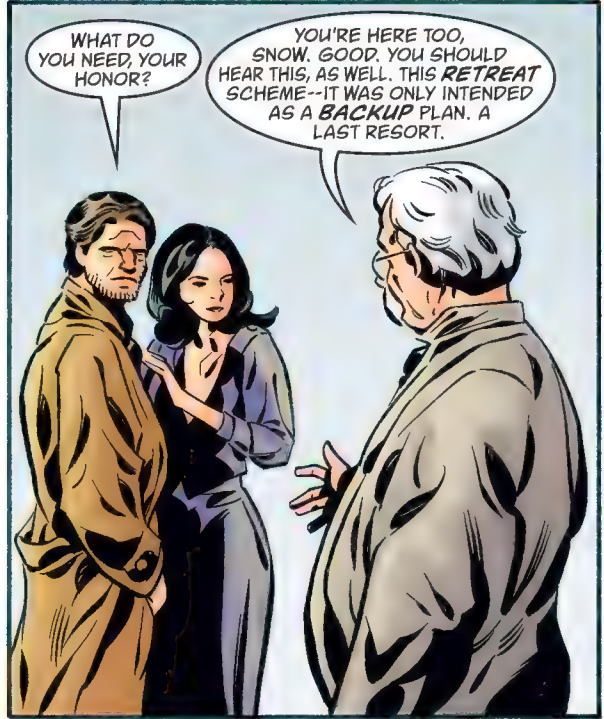


AND I ALREADY HAVE A PLAN.



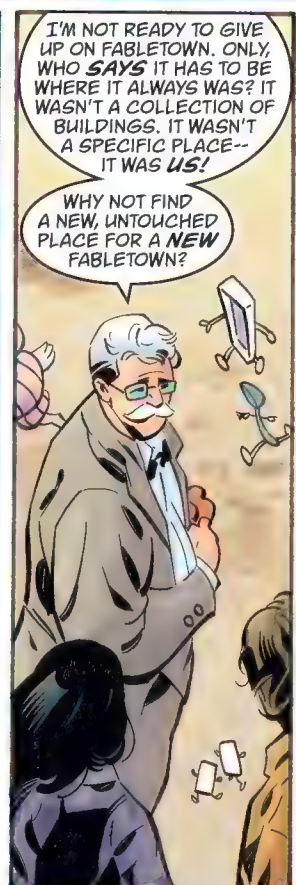
BIGBY!

HOLD UP! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!

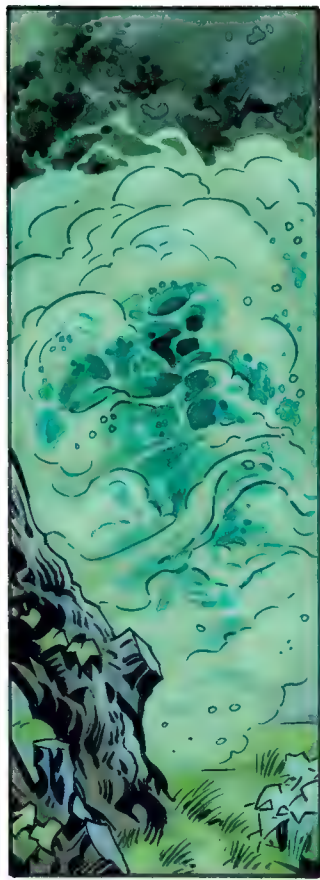
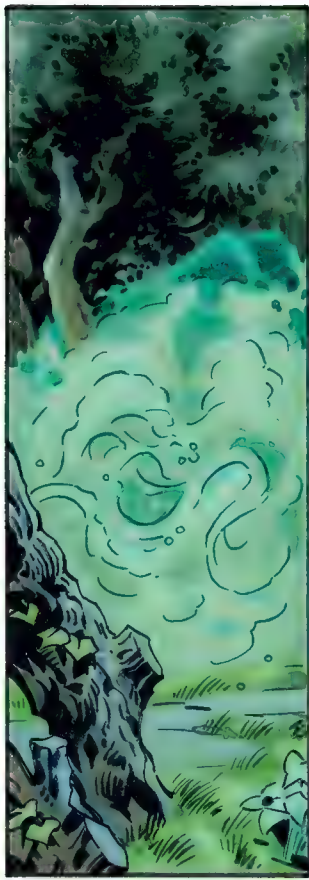
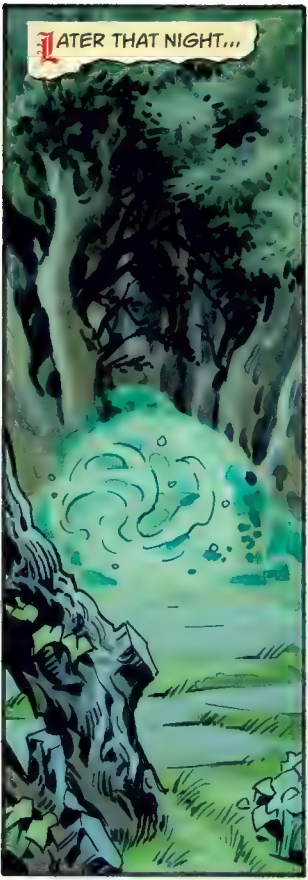


WHAT DO YOU NEED, YOUR HONOR?

YOU'RE HERE TOO, SNOW. GOOD. YOU SHOULD HEAR THIS, AS WELL. THIS **RETREAT** SCHEME--IT WAS ONLY INTENDED AS A **BACKUP** PLAN. A LAST RESORT.



LATER THAT NIGHT...



B

B



WELCOME BACK, FRAU TOTENKINDER. I CAN'T SAY I'M **ENTIRELY** SURPRISED TO SEE YOU AGAIN.

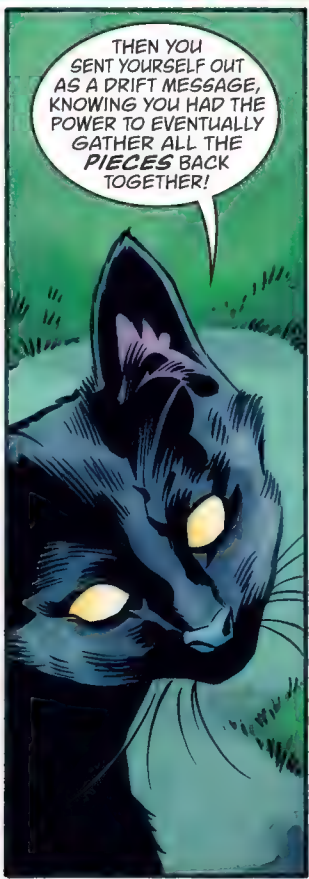
OZMA! HOW DID YOU GUESS I'D--?

ACTUALLY, I FIGURED IT OUT. YOU'VE BEEN DEAD ONCE OR TWICE BEFORE, AND YOU ALWAYS SCOLDED US TIME AND AGAIN TO WORK OUT CONTINGENCIES FOR ANY POSSIBLE OUTCOME.

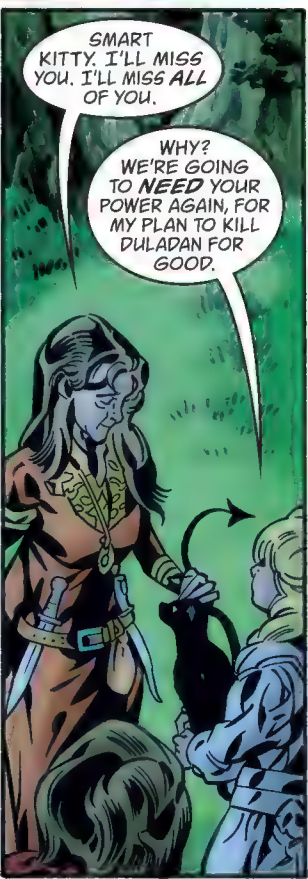
YOU MADE A **DRIFT** MESSAGE!



WHEN YOU KNEW YOU COULDN'T BEAT MISTER DARK, YOU TURNED THE TABLES AT THE LAST MOMENT AND **HELPED** HIM WITHER YOU.




THEN YOU SENT YOURSELF OUT AS A DRIFT MESSAGE, KNOWING YOU HAD THE POWER TO EVENTUALLY GATHER ALL THE **PIECES** BACK TOGETHER!



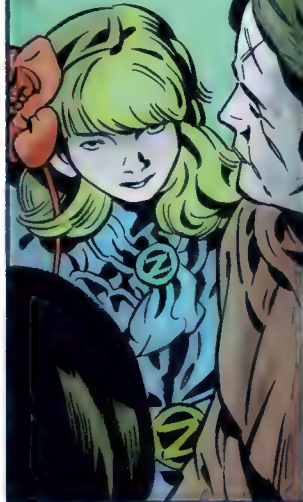
SMART KITTY. I'LL MISS YOU. I'LL MISS **ALL** OF YOU.

WHY? WE'RE GOING TO **NEED** YOUR POWER AGAIN, FOR MY PLAN TO KILL DULADAN FOR GOOD.



NO, I TRIED.  
I DID ALL I  
CAN.

I'M **DONE**  
WITH WARS, BIG  
AND SMALL, VAST OR  
PERSONAL. WIN OR LOSE,  
I PROMISED TO **RETIRE**  
AFTER THIS, AND THAT'S  
WHAT I'M BOUND  
TO DO.




WHERE WILL  
YOU GO, THEN? WE'RE  
THE LAST THREE TO LEAVE  
FOR HAVEN.

THE LAST  
**TWO**. I'LL BE  
GOING WITH  
BELLFLOWER.



THAT'S THE HEART OF  
IT. WHEN I WAS FIRST A  
YOUNG GIRL, I NEVER GOT  
TO HAVE MY ROMANCE.  
NEVER COULD **FIND**  
A GOOD MAN.

NOW I  
HAVE.

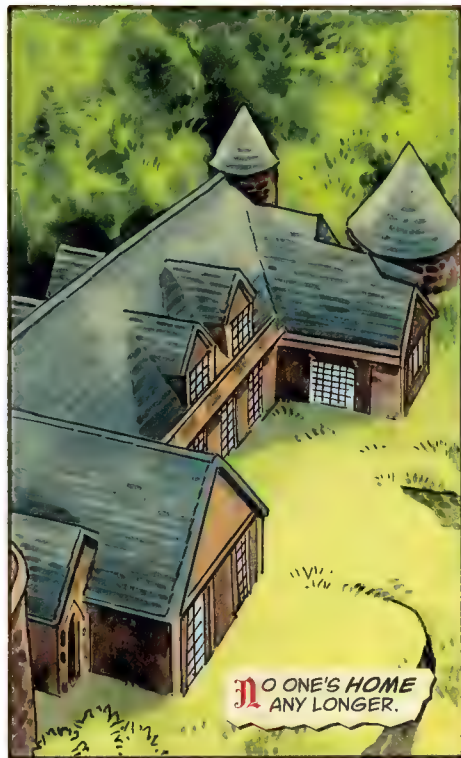
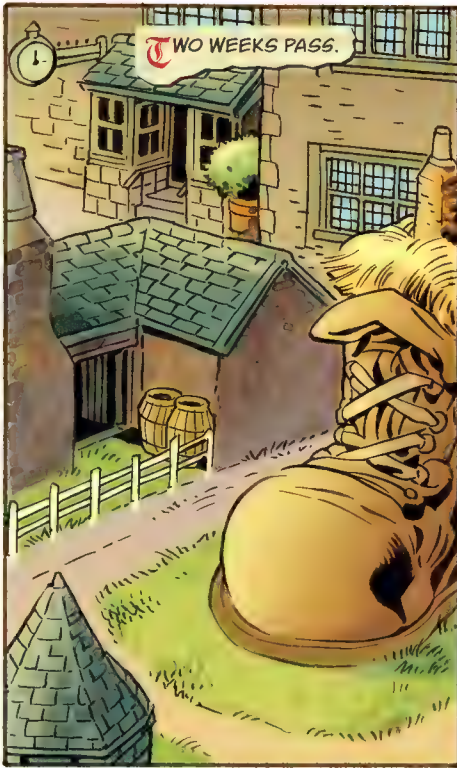


GOODBYE,  
MEDEA. GOODBYE,  
OZMA. IT'S ALL ON  
YOU NOW. I WISH  
YOU THE BEST.

BUT  
YOU'LL NOT SEE  
ME AGAIN.



# first Epilogue: **Three Conditions**



EXCEPT ONE.

AND THEN, IN TIME, ANOTHER JOINED HER.

"...AND HIS WIFE COULD EAT NO LEAN."

GOOD EVENING, MRS. SPRATT. CARE TO TELL ME WHERE ALL OF YOUR FRIENDS HAVE GONE?

THEY'RE NO FRIENDS OF MINE.

BUT IT WILL STILL COST YOU, IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHERE THEY ARE.

NAME YOUR PRICE.

THREE THINGS.

I WANT TO BE PRETTY.

DONE.

YOU'LL BE "THE FAIREST IN ALL THE LAND." YOU'RE ALREADY NEWLY LOVELY IN MY EYES. SOON ALL WILL SEE YOU AS I DO. WHAT ELSE?

I WANT ALL OF THOSE OTHERS-- ALL THOSE PRETTY ONES--TO BE UGLY.

AS UGLY AS ME.

AGREED. BEFORE THEY DIE, THEY'LL BE MADE HIDEOUS. WHAT ELSE?

AND I WANT A HANDSOME PRINCE OF MY OWN. SOMEONE TO LOVE ME WITH TRUE LOVE.

I HAVE JUST THE PERFECT FELLOW IN MIND.

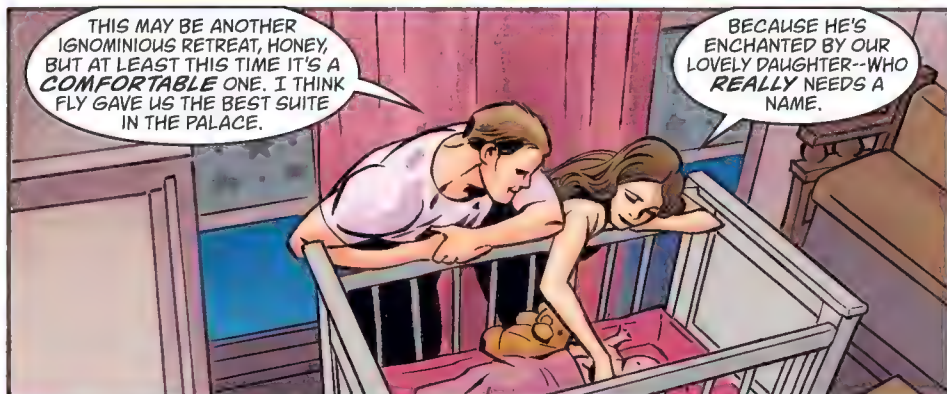
DONE, AND DONE.

# Second Epilogue: Such a Lovely Little Darling



ONCE UPON A TIME, A DIVERSE GROUP OF MAGICAL FOLK WHO CALLED THEMSELVES FABLES LIVED IN A LOVELY AND PEACEFUL KINGDOM CALLED HAVEN.

AND, BEST OF ALL, NO ONE HAS TO LIVE IN TENTS ANYMORE.



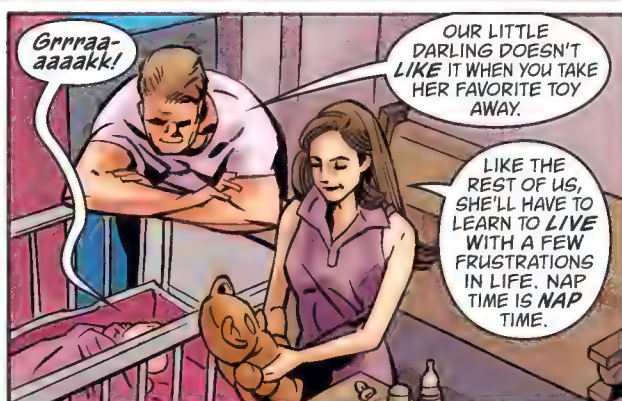
THIS MAY BE ANOTHER IGNOMINIOUS RETREAT, HONEY, BUT AT LEAST THIS TIME IT'S A COMFORTABLE ONE. I THINK FLY GAVE US THE BEST SUITE IN THE PALACE.

BECAUSE HE'S ENCHANTED BY OUR LOVELY DAUGHTER--WHO REALLY NEEDS A NAME.



SPEAKING OF WHICH: NO MORE PLAYING WITH MISTER FUZZY BEAR. TIME FOR YOU TO SLEEP.

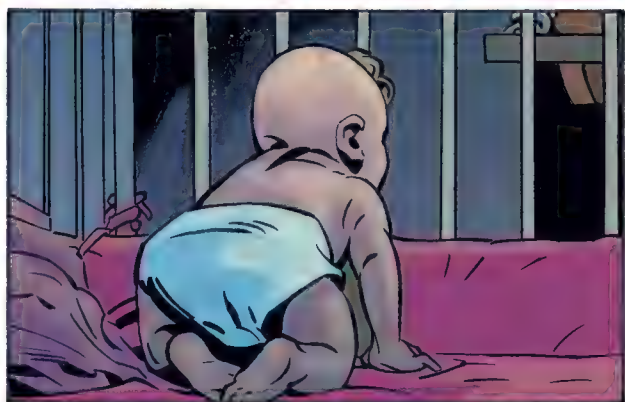
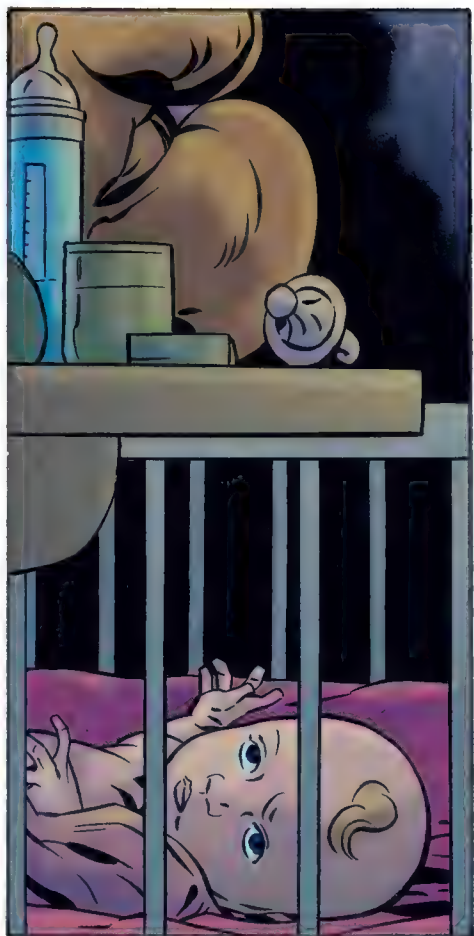
Burb!



Grrraa-aaaakk!

OUR LITTLE DARLING DOESN'T LIKE IT WHEN YOU TAKE HER FAVORITE TOY AWAY.

LIKE THE REST OF US, SHE'LL HAVE TO LEARN TO LIVE WITH A FEW FRUSTRATIONS IN LIFE. NAP TIME IS NAP TIME.



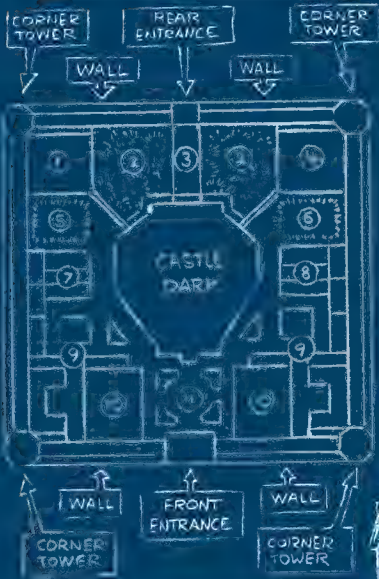


GRRRRRRRRRR

The End



# CASTLE DARK



- ① PALACE
- ② WOODLAND GARDEN
- ③ COVERED PASSAGE WAY TO REAR ENTRANCE
- ④ PALACE
- ⑤ FOUNTAIN GARDEN
- ⑥ STUMPWOOD GARDEN
- ⑦ WEST WALL TOWER
- ⑧ EAST WALL TOWER
- ⑨ VILLAGE
- ⑩ MARRIED PALACES
- ⑪ ENTRANCE COURTYARD

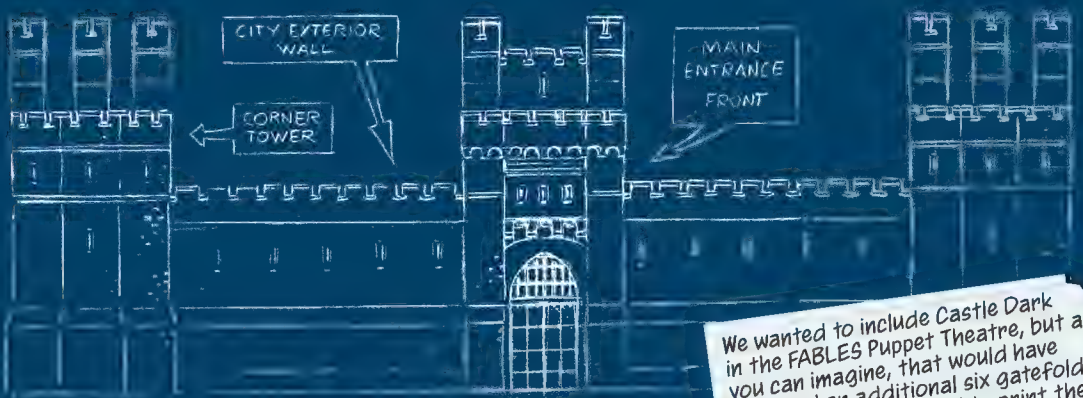
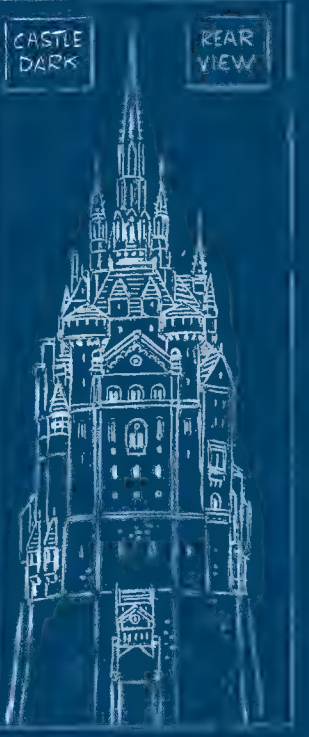
## CASTLE DARK

## FRONT VIEW



## CASTLE DARK

## REAR VIEW



We wanted to include Castle Dark in the FABLES Puppet Theatre, but as you can imagine, that would have required an additional six gatefold inserts! So we decided to print the designs instead. Hope you like them.  
 — Bucky

TAB

PART A1

# FABLES

PAPER PUPPET THEATRE

REENACT YOUR FAVORITE STORIES OR CREATE BRAND NEW ONES WITH THE FABLES PAPER PUPPET THEATRE.

## ASSEMBLY INSTRUCTIONS

1 FIRST GLUE ALL SIX COMIC PAGES (OR GOOD PHOTOCOPIES) TO THICK PAPER OR CARD STOCK.

2 CUT OUT PARTS A, B, C, D AND E FOLLOWING THE SOLID BLUE OUTLINES.

3 FOLD THE SIDE PANELS OF THE THEATRE (PARTS B AND C) AS INDICATED IN FIG. 1.

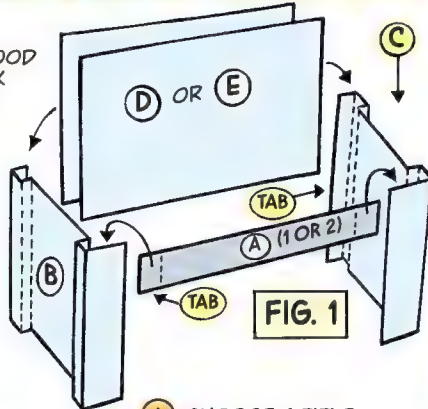
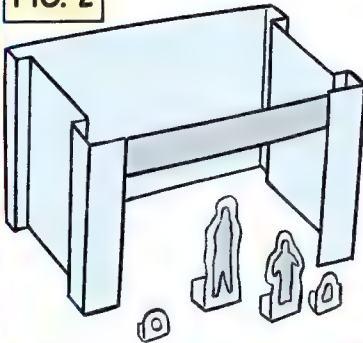


FIG. 2



4 CHOOSE A TITLE BANNER (PART A1 OR A2) AND GLUE THE TABS TO THE BACK OF THE MAIN CURTAINS (ON PARTS B AND C).

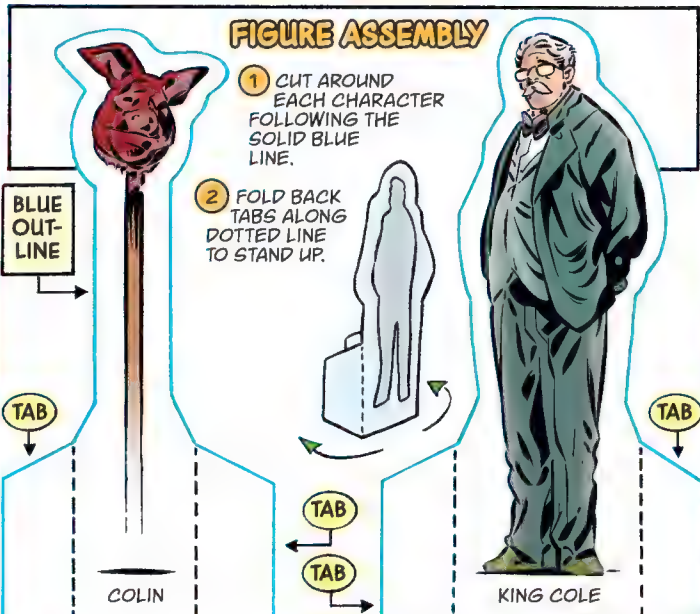
5 NOW GLUE THE TABS ON THE SIDE PANELS (B AND C) TO THE BACK EDGES OF A BACKDROP (D OR E).

6 SLIDE THE ALTERNATE BACKDROP IN FRONT OF THE OTHER TO CREATE A DIFFERENT LOCATION.

### FIGURE ASSEMBLY

1 CUT AROUND EACH CHARACTER FOLLOWING THE SOLID BLUE LINE.

2 FOLD BACK TABS ALONG DOTTED LINE TO STAND UP.



CONCEIVED, WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY  
**MARK BUCKINGHAM**  
WITH  
**DAN GREEN: INKS**  
**LEE LOUGHRIDGE: COLORS**  
**TODD KLEIN: LETTERS**  
**ANGELA RUFINO: ASSOC. EDITOR**  
**SHELLY BOND: EDITOR**  
© **BILL WILLINGHAM**

PART A2

TAB

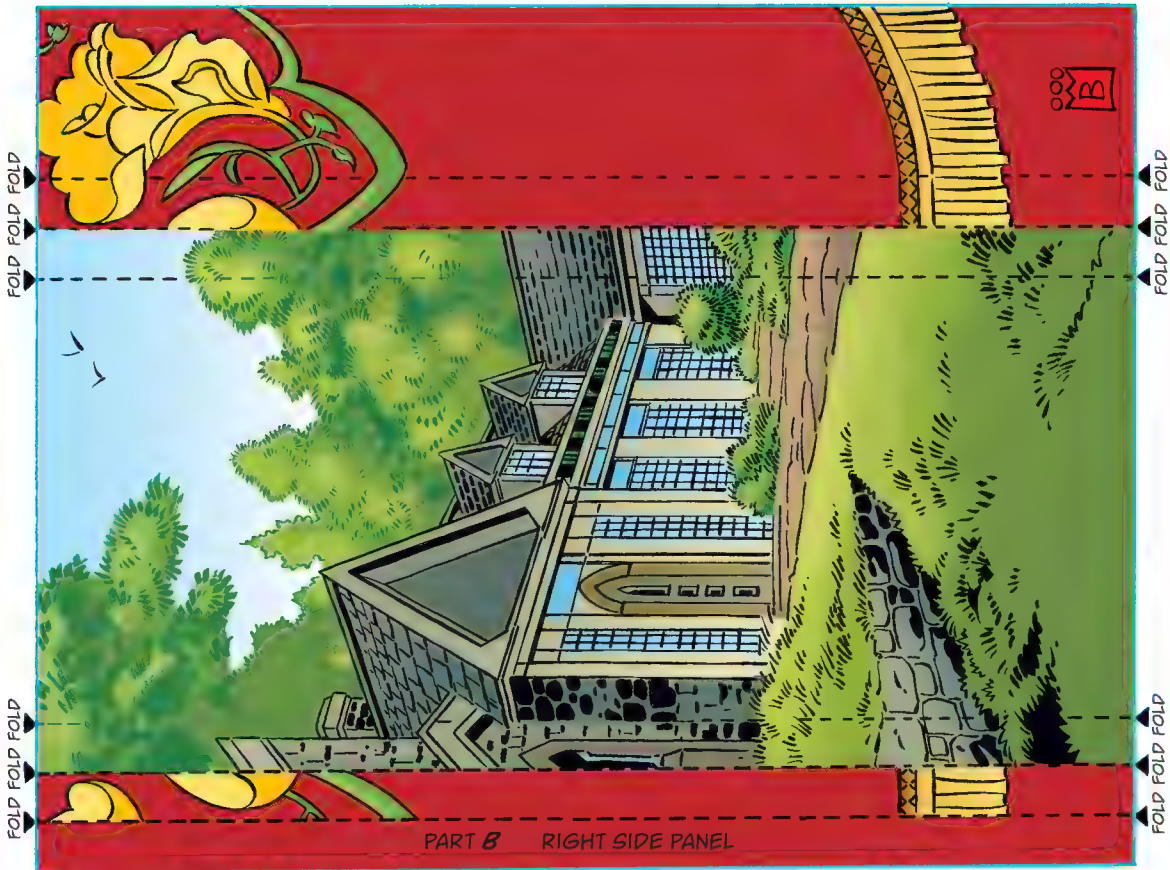
# FABLES

TAB

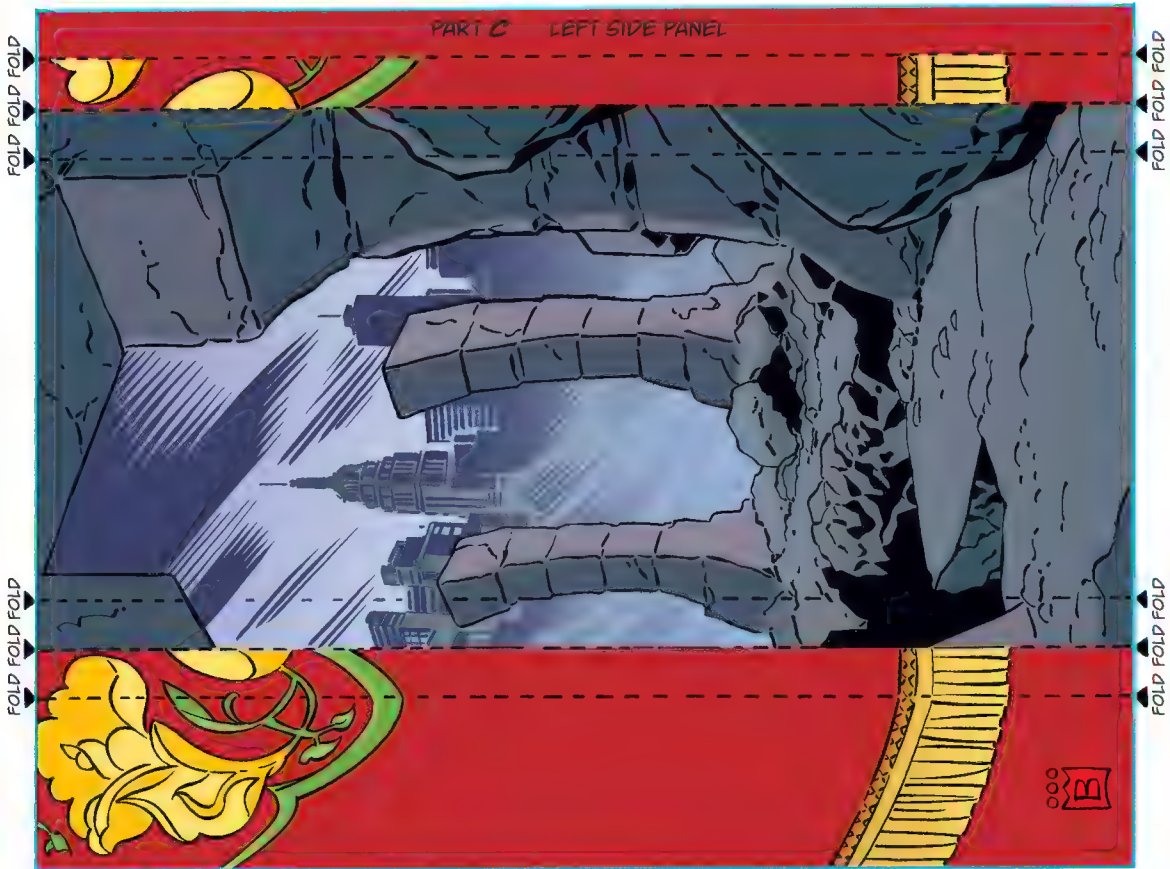
PART A1

PART A2

TAB



PART B RIGHT SIDE PANEL



PART C LEFT SIDE PANEL





BACKDROP D



BACKDROPE



PINOCCHIO



RABBIT



BOY BLUE



ROSE RED



MISTER DARK



FAT YELLOW BIRD



GEPPETTO



BEAST



STINKY (BROOK BLUEHEART)



BIGBY WOLF



REYNARD



BUG



PLAYING CARDS

BUFKIN & FRANKIE



BARLEYCORN GIRLS



SNOW WHITE



BEAUTY



BIGBY WOLF



BEAST



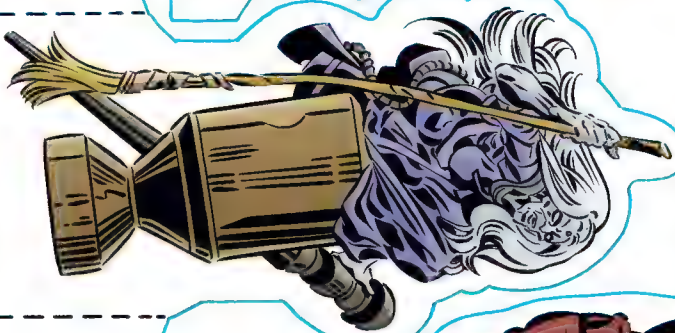
CLARA



MRS. SUNFLOWER



BABA YAGA



DUNSTER HAPP



FLYCATCHER



MADDY



BELLFLOWER



OZMA



WOODEN HEAD



THREE BLIND MICE



After the Duel, Part One:  
**The Perils of  
Thumbelina**

Bill Willingham: writer • Chrissie Zullo: art

I WANT TO WELCOME YOU, RESIDENTS OF SMALLTOWN, TO YOUR NEW TEMPORARY HOME HERE IN MY KINGDOM. WE CALL THIS PLACE HAVEN.

WE'RE PREPARING A SAFE PLACE FOR YOU TO STAY. YOU'LL HAVE ONE ROOM IN THE CASTLE ALL TO YOURSELVES.

THUMBELINA?

WE'RE STILL IN THE PROCESS OF DIVIDING THAT ROOM INTO INDIVIDUAL SUITES FOR EACH FAMILY AND--UH--SINGLE, SO I HOPE YOU'LL BEAR WITH US.

I THOUGHT THAT WAS YOU! I DON'T KNOW IF YOU REMEMBER ME. I'M ELAM.

OH YES, ELAM. I RECALL NOW.

IN THE MEANTIME, I WANT TO STRESS TO EACH OF YOU HOW CAREFUL YOU SHOULD BE HERE. WE HAVE A LOT OF BIG FOLKS STOMPING ABOUT.



WE PROMISE TO LOOK OUT FOR YOU, IF YOU PROMISE TO LOOK OUT FOR US.

ALSO YOU'LL WANT TO KEEP IN MIND, EVEN THOUGH NO FABLES HERE WILL INTENTIONALLY HARM YOU, THERE ARE LOTS OF **MUNDY** CREATURES IN THIS LAND AS WELL.

WE LIVED **NEAR** EACH OTHER IN SMALLTOWN, BACK WHEN YOU HAD THAT PLACE ON TREEHOUSE LANE AND WE WERE AROUND THE CORNER.

OF COURSE, BEFORE I MOVED, HOW ARE YOUR FOLKS?

FINE. JUST FINE.

THEY'RE NOT SENTIENT BY **OUR** STANDARDS, AND STILL FOLLOW THE CALLING OF THEIR OWN NATURE.

SO THEN ANYWAY, I WAS THINKING, SINCE WE'RE ALL ABOUT TO BE STAYING IN THE SAME BIG ROOM, WE'LL BE **NEIGHBORS** AGAIN.

AND I WAS WONDERING MAYBE, IF YOU DON'T **OBJECT**, WE MIGHT--Y'KNOW-- WE MIGHT--

ELAM, THAT'S SO SWEET, BUT AT THE MOMENT, CONSIDERING HOW WE'VE ALL BEEN SUDDENLY **UPROOTED**...



SO YOU'LL WANT TO KEEP A SHARP EYE OUT FOR--

...I'M NOT--

YAWLP!

THUMB!

CASE IN POINT.

OH, DEAR!

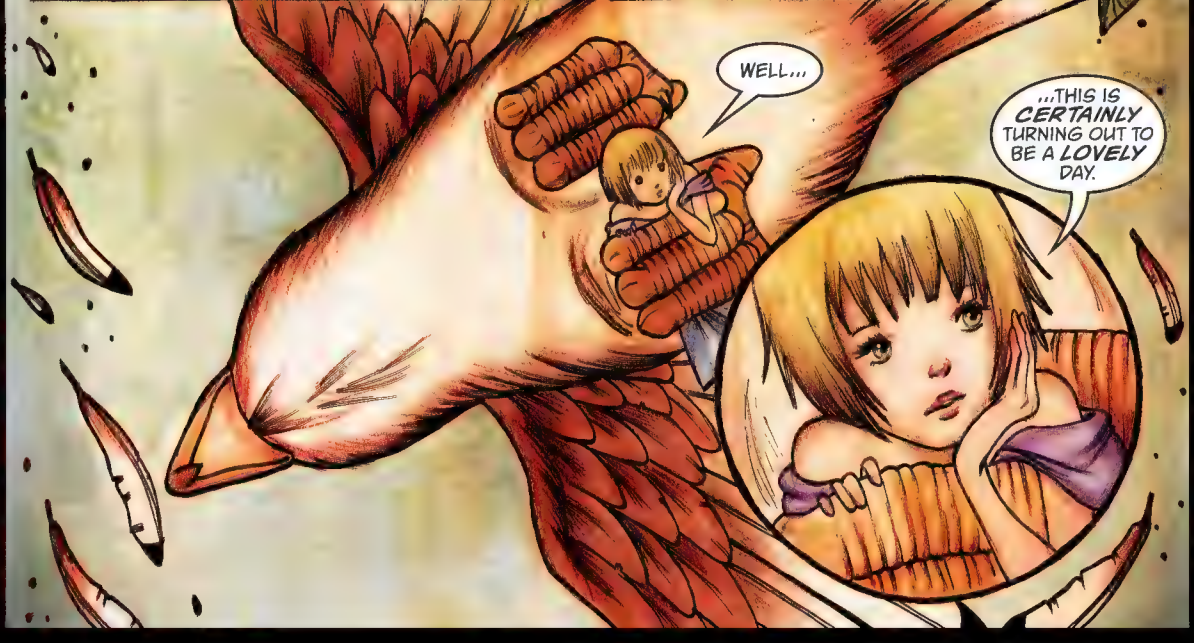
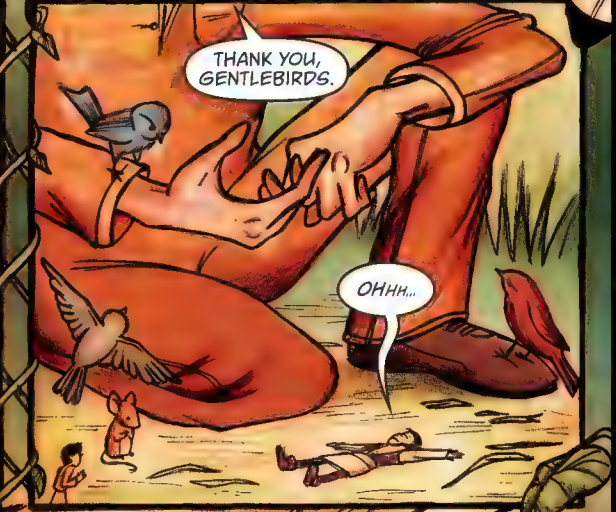
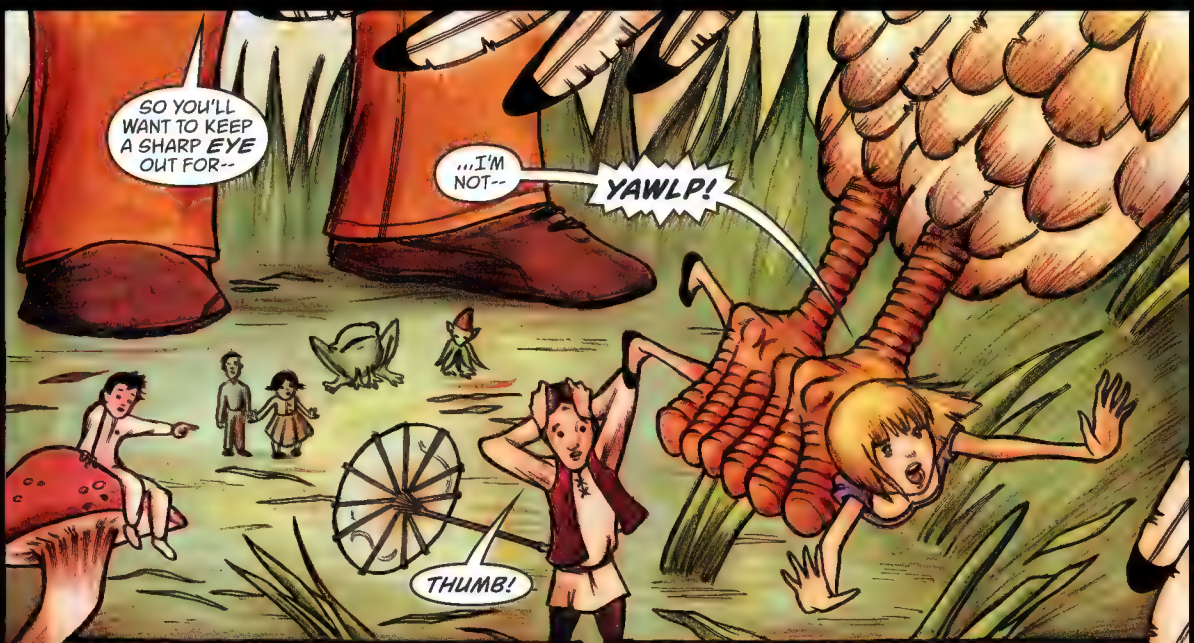
UHM-- CAN I GET SOME VOLUNTEERS FOR A RESCUE PARTY?

THANK YOU, GENTLEBIRDS.

OHHH...

WELL...

...THIS IS CERTAINLY TURNING OUT TO BE A LOVELY DAY.



# Celebrity Burning Questions

*In which we return to reveal just a few more of the great and not-so-great heretofore unanswered mysteries of the Fables saga so far.*

*Not so long ago, at least as continents and glaciers measure time, we took an issue (59) to address the specific questions of some of our Fables readers.*

*Now, since we have a bit of room in this very special issue, we're going to take a few more questions from some of our readers, but this time with a twist.*

*Over the years we've found out that some of the most loyal Fables readers are celebrities. We here at Fables Central (an office somewhere in the deep woods) think that's pretty cool and set out to draft a few of those readers of note into service. So here, simply because it's a fun thing to do, are four Burning Questions written by Bill Willingham at the command of four readers whose names you might recognize. They are:*

1: Phil LaMarr, who was a longtime series regular (performer and writer) on *Mad TV*, a big bloody mess in the car in *Pulp Fiction*, and one of my favorite (and most obscure) of his many roles, a really bad fellow named Anthony in the short-lived drama called *Philly*. His question is illustrated by Dave Johnson.

2: Eddie Cahill, one of the series regulars on *CSI New York*, played hockey phenom Jim Craig in *Miracle* (my friend Mike's favorite movie ever), and (since Nicole would kill me if I didn't mention it) he was also **Tag from Friends!** (You have to scream that and jump up and down.) His question is illustrated by Adam Hughes.

3: Cobie Smulders, who plays terminally hot Robin Scherbatsky in *How I Met Your Mother*, was credited (no argument here) as "Exotic Beauty" in 2004's version of *Walking Tall*, and was a recurring character in *The L Word*. Her question is illustrated by Kate McElroy.

4: Last but not least, Michael McMillian, who played my all-time favorite character in *True Blood* (the anti-vampire evangelist, don't you know), and keeps showing up in some of my favorite series, such as *Firefly*, *Veronica Mars*, and *The Mentalist*, to name a few. His question is illustrated by J.H. Williams III.

*We're deeply indebted to these fine folks for their willingness to play along, and in return I think we should make an effort to seek out and support anything they happen to show up in. Thanks, lady and gentlemen. We literally couldn't have done this without you.*



Phil LaMarr  
from "Mad TV"  
asks:

# Who makes the Fabletown comic books?

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVE JOHNSON



I DON'T KNOW, BLUE. TRUTH IS, I NEVER REALLY GAVE IT MUCH THOUGHT BEFORE.

THAT'S ODD. THEY DON'T HAVE CREATOR CREDITS ON THE FIRST PAGE. MUNDY FUNNYBOOKS ALWAYS HAVE CREATOR CREDITS.

AND I ALSO WONDER HOW MAKING ALL THESE COMICS STRICTLY FOR FABLETOWN READERS CAN BE PROFITABLE.



AS FAR AS I KNOW, WE'RE THE ONLY THREE CUSTOMERS.

NOT TRUE. A BUNCH OF THEM GET SHIPPED UP TO THE FARM EVERY WEEK FOR MRS. SHOE'S KIDS.



AND JOHN BARLEYCORN GETS THEM. AND BUFKIN BUYS SOME.

BUT NOT UN-MUNDY, THOUGH. HE HATES THAT SERIES, EVER SINCE THEY HAD MYSTERIOUS MAN PERISH IN THAT FREAK SOFT PRETZEL ACCIDENT.



BUFKIN SAYS THAT STORY WAS MUCH TOO **FAKEY** TO CONTINUE SUPPORTING WITH HIS PRECIOUS DOLLARS.

BUFKIN GETS PAID?

HOW MUCH? MORE IMPORTANT, HOW CAN WE **TRICK** HIM OUT OF HIS MOOLAH? SHOULD BE EASY TO SCAM A DUMB MONKEY, RIGHT?



OKAY, IGNORING PINOCCHIO'S LARCENOUS IMPULSES: THAT'S **STILL** NOT MANY ISSUES SOLD EACH WEEK.

IT'S A **MYSTERY** IS WHAT IT IS! SADDLE UP, THREE AMIGOS!



WE'RE GOING TO GET TO THE **BOTTOM** OF THIS RIGHT NOW!



A FEW MINUTES PAST NOW...

SO, 'FESS UP, LADY. HOW'S IT DONE?

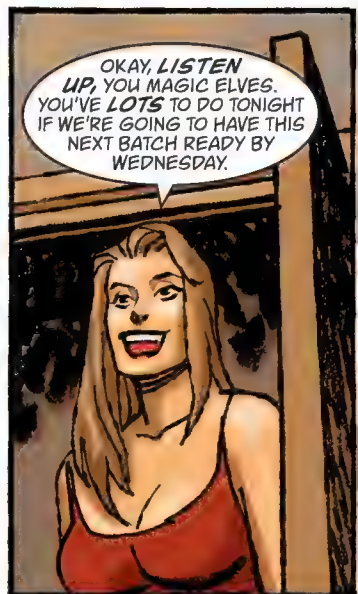
IT'S A MYSTERY TO **ME**, GENTLEMEN. THE OWNER'S SELDOM IN, AND I ONLY WORK HERE.

ALL I KNOW IS THEY SHOW UP IN OUR REGULAR BOOK SHIPMENT EVERY TUESDAY, IN TIME FOR WEDNESDAY'S ON-SALE DATE.



GOODNIGHT, NOW. SORRY I COULDN'T BE MORE HELPFUL.

SEE YOU BOYS **NEXT** WEEK.



OKAY, LISTEN UP, YOU MAGIC ELVES. YOU'VE LOTS TO DO TONIGHT IF WE'RE GOING TO HAVE THIS NEXT BATCH READY BY WEDNESDAY.



I THINK IT'S TIME TO HAVE MYSTERIOUS MAN MAKE HIS DRAMATIC RETURN FROM THE DEAD. WE'LL LURE THE MONKEY BACK INTO BUYING THIS SERIES IF IT'S THE LAST THING WE DO.

AND IN THE FAIRYTALE FOUR, LET'S TRY TO MOVE THE BUDDING ROMANCE BETWEEN ERIC AND LUCY ALONG A BIT QUICKER.

FLYCATCHER ALWAYS MENTIONS HOW MUCH HE LIKES THAT PLOTLINE.

WHY PUT US THROUGH ALL THIS WORK EVERY NIGHT, JUST SO YOU CAN MAKE A MEAGER EXTRA TWENTY-SEVEN DOLLARS AND THIRTY CENTS EACH WEEK?



BECAUSE IT'S AN EXTRA TWENTY-SEVEN THIRTY EACH WEEK I WOULDN'T HAVE OTHERWISE.

AND SINCE YOUR LABOR IS FREE AND OWED TO ME FOR THE NEXT THREE HUNDRED YEARS, IT'S ALL PROFIT.

I'M THINKING OF TRANSFERRING BACK TO SHOES. I GOT MORE JOB SATISFACTION IN SHOES.

Eddie Cahill from  
"CSI New York"  
asks:

# Can I have Snow White's phone number?

ILLUSTRATED BY  
ADAM HUGHES

HER PHONE  
NUMBER?!

LISTEN, YOU  
PALE, SKINNY, PRETTY-  
BOY WEASEL, SHE'S  
MARRIED. HAPPILY  
MARRIED!

INSERT *THAT* FACT  
INTO YOUR HEAD BEFORE I  
COME OUT THERE AND INSERT  
MY *FANGS* INTO YOUR THROAT  
AND MY *FIST* INTO YOUR  
ABDOMEN!

OH, LEAVE  
THE POOR MAN ALONE, BIGGY.  
HE'S JUST FLIRTATIOUS. AND I  
*DO* LOVE HIS SHOW.

HE'S SO  
CUTE IN IT. SORT OF  
A MUNDY PRINCE  
CHARMING.

NOT THAT  
I STILL HAVE ANY  
*FEELINGS* FOR PRINCE  
CHARMING, MIND  
YOU.



Cobie Smulders from  
"How I Met Your  
Mother" asks:

Now that Baba Yaga  
is dead, how is Bufkin  
passing the time?

ILLUSTRATED BY KATE MCELROY





AND WHO AMONG ALL THE BARLEYCORN GIRLS IS HOTTER THAN ME?

I MEAN, LOOK AT ME! I'M SMOKING!

CONSIDERING THE DIMINUTIVE SCALE, I'D SAY **SMOLDERING** IS THE MOST YOU COULD ACCURATELY CLAIM, YOUNG MISSY.

SORRY, BUT IT'S TRUE. I AM, AFTER ALL, A NOTED **GENIUS**.

THAT'S NOT THE POINT, LILY WHATEVER-YOUR-NAME-IS!

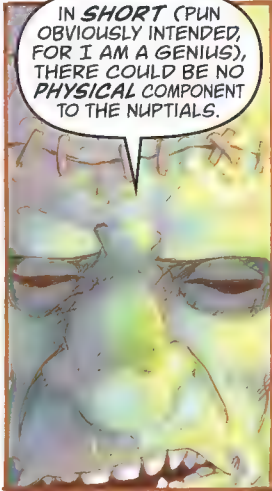
LILY MARTAGON.



WE CAN'T GET MARRIED BECAUSE YOU'RE A TEENY TINY LITTLE MOSTLY HUMAN GIRL, AND I'M A GREAT BIG **MONKEY GUY!**

SO WHAT?

I THINK HE'S TRYING TO FIND A **POLITE** WAY TO REFERENCE THE AFOREMENTIONED PROBLEMS OF **SCALE**.



IN **SHORT** (PUN OBVIOUSLY INTENDED, FOR I AM A **GENIUS**), THERE COULD BE NO **PHYSICAL** COMPONENT TO THE NUPTIALS.



NEITHER HANKY NOR PANKY SEEMS POSSIBLE. CONSUMMATION **DENIED!**

NO! THAT'S **NOT** WHAT I MEANT!

OKAY, THAT TOO, BUT--

IT'S A **SPECIES** THING! YOU AND I AREN'T THE SAME!

AGAIN I ASK, SO **WHAT?** SNOW AND BIGBY DIDN'T START OUT AS THE SAME SPECIES EITHER, BUT THEY DIDN'T LET A SILLY LITTLE OBSTACLE LIKE THAT STOP **THEM**.

AND ACCORDING TO MAGIC MIRROR'S STORIES, THEY ARE WELL AND TRULY THE **POWER COUPLE** OF ALL FABLEDOM! THAT COULD BE US!



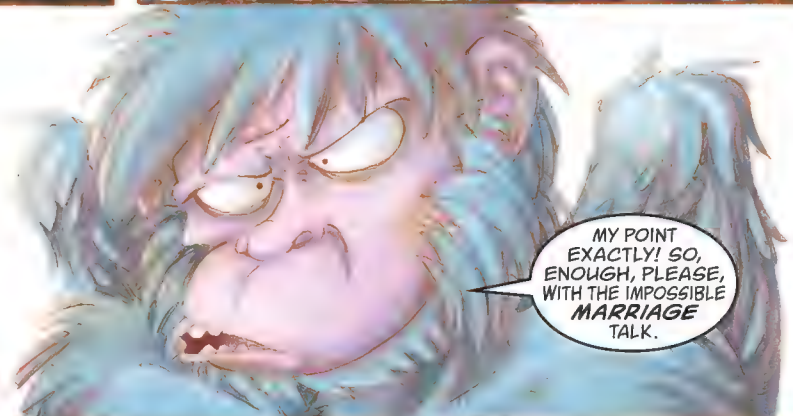
LET'S JUST FIND SOME WAY TO WHISTLE US UP AN **ENCHANTMENT** TO TURN YOU INTO A MINIATURE MALE HOTTIE, HANDSOME **PRINCE** TYPE, AND THE WEDDING IS ON!

OH, YEAH? WHY SHOULD **I** HAVE TO CHANGE? WHY NOT TURN **YOU** INTO A SIZE-APPROPRIATE **MONKEY WOMAN?**



**YUCK!** THAT'S DISGUSTING! HOW **DARE** YOU EVEN HINT AT--

I AM **SO** NOT INTO BESTIALITY, MISTER!



MY POINT EXACTLY! **SO**, ENOUGH, PLEASE, WITH THE IMPOSSIBLE **MARRIAGE** TALK.

AND SO...

I AM **SOOOOOO** BORED.

TOO TRUE, SO WHATTAYA WANNA DO?



I KNOW!

- THE END -

Michael McMillan *What was Geppetto thinking when he carved Pinocchio's mouth?* asks

ILLUSTRATED BY J.H. WILLIAMS III, COLOR BY DAVE STEWART

ONCE UPON A TIME A GRUMPY OLD WOODCARVER WAS CHILLED ON A BLUSTERY DAY, AND SO CUT A LOG FOR HIS FIRE FROM THE NEARBY GROVE.

N-N-N-NOOOO!



D-D-DON' W-WAN' B-B-B-BUUURRRRN!

HO!

WHAT MAD SORCERY IS THIS?!

D-D-DON' W-W-WAN' D-D-D-IIIIEEEEE!

HOLD STILL, CRAZY WOOD!

I WON'T BURN YOU!



SO THEN, WHAT TO DO WITH A MAGIC LOG? THE OLD MAN WISHED DEARLY FOR INSPIRATION AND DEEP BLUE INSPIRATION ANSWERED HIM.

DO NOT BURN THE MAGIC WOOD. CARVE IT INTO SOMETHING GOOD.



AND SO THE LONELY OLD WOODCARVER, WHO'D NEVER HAD A FAMILY BUT DEARLY WANTED ONE, CARVED HIMSELF A FINE NEW SON.

W-W-WHAS H-H-HPEN T-T-TO M-M-MEEEE?

THERE, THERE, LITTLE CHILD OF THE GROVE. SETTLE DOWN. WE'RE ALMOST DONE.

YOU'LL BE MUCH EASIER TO UNDERSTAND ONCE I CARVE YOU A FINE AND HANDSOME MOUTH.

WHAT WERE YOU THINKING, OLD MAN? NEXT TIME WARM UP YOUR TOOLS BEFORE YOU START CARVING INTO A BOY'S NAKED BODY!



AND SPEAKING OF WHICH, WHY MAKE ME A BORING LITTLE BOY? DIDN'T YOU HEAR THE STRANGE, DISEMBODED BLUE VOICE? SHE SAID TO CARVE ME INTO SOMETHING REALLY NEAT!

WHY DIDN'T YOU MAKE ME A GORILLA, OR A CHEETAH, OR A LION, OR EVEN A DRAGON?!

TWITCH TWITCH

BUT--

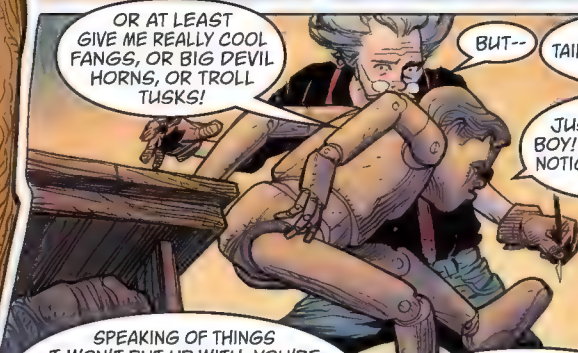
OR AT LEAST GIVE ME REALLY COOL FANGS, OR BIG DEVIL HORNS, OR TROLL TUSKS!

BUT--

SOMETHING LIKE A SPIKED TAIL WITH BIG GREEN SCALES WOULD HAVE BEEN SO WICKED!

BUT NOOOOOO, YOU JUST MADE ME A BORING LITTLE BOY! AND DON'T EVEN THINK I DIDN'T NOTICE HOW YOU GAVE ME SUCH A TINY, PREPUBESCENT PECKER!

WAS THAT A SLIP OF THE WOOD CHISEL, OR DID YOU PLAN IT THAT WAY FROM THE GET-GO IN SOME SORT OF PERVY AGENDA OF ODD OLD HERMITS THAT I'M NOT PRIVY TO?

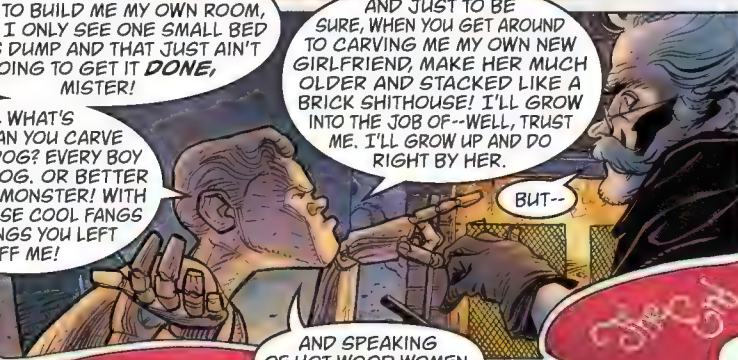


SPEAKING OF THINGS I WON'T PUT UP WITH, YOU'RE GOING TO BUILD ME MY OWN ROOM, RIGHT? I ONLY SEE ONE SMALL BED IN THIS DUMP AND THAT JUST AIN'T GOING TO GET IT DONE, MISTER!

AND JUST TO BE SURE, WHEN YOU GET AROUND TO CARVING ME MY OWN NEW GIRLFRIEND, MAKE HER MUCH OLDER AND STACKED LIKE A BRICK SHITHOUSE! I'LL GROW INTO THE JOB OF--WELL, TRUST ME. I'LL GROW UP AND DO RIGHT BY HER.

SO, WHAT'S NEXT? CAN YOU CARVE ME A PET DOG? EVERY BOY NEEDS A DOG. OR BETTER YET, A PET MONSTER! WITH ALL OF THOSE COOL FANGS AND THINGS YOU LEFT OFF ME!

BUT--



AND SPEAKING OF HOT WOOD WOMEN, WHAT ABOUT--?



After the Duel - Part Two

# A Thing With Those Mice

AT LAST, BROTHER LELAND WE'VE MADE IT TO THE FABLED LAND OF HAVEN!

WHERE ALL IS WELL, IT NEVER RAINS, AND NOTHING EVER GOES WRONG!

AND ALL IT TOOK WAS THE COMPLETE DESTRUCTION AND LOSS OF EVERYTHING-- ALL THAT EVERYONE WE KNOW HAS LOVED AND HELD DEAR FOR THE PAST FEW CENTURIES!

Bill Willingham: writer  
Joao Ruas: art

WHAT SHALL WE DO FIRST, DEAR PRESCOTT?

GOOD QUESTION, LELAND! EXACTLY THE RIGHT QUERY AT THE RIGHT TIME! YOU'RE THE KING OF OCCASION, GOOD MOUSE! THE PARAGON OF PROPRIETY!

I PROFFER THAT WE SHOULD HIE OURSELVES POST-HASTE TO THE COMPANY OF THE KING, AND RECEIVE OUR KNIGHTHOODS!

BUT THADDEUS, ARE WE SCHEDULED TO BE AWARDED KNIGHTHOODS BY THE KING?




THINK IT THROUGH, WISE LELAND. SINCE ARRIVING HERE, HAS ONE SINGLE FABLE INFORMED US WE *AREN'T* TO BE KNIGHTED AS RAPIDLY AS POSSIBLE?

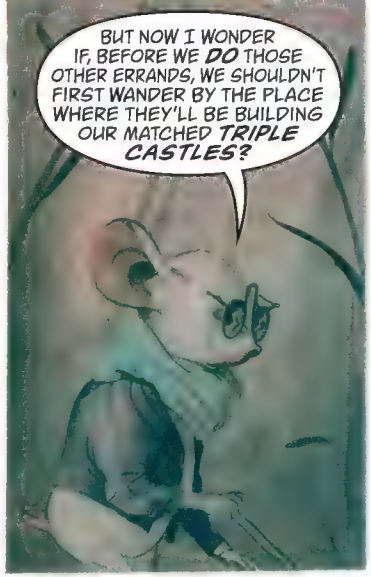
NOT AT ALL, THADDEUS. NOT AT ALL! AS USUAL, YOUR LOGIC IS *UNASSAILABLE!*

GENTLEMICE, MIGHT I ALSO SUGGEST AN ADDITIONAL COURSE OF ACTION, AS LONG AS WE'RE HEADED THE KING'S WAY--

--MIGHT WE ALSO STOP BY THE PALACE AND FORMALLY *ACCEPT* THE MOUNTAIN OF TREASURE WAITING IN THE ROYAL VAULT, AS OUR DUE *REWARD* FOR PAST ACTS OF HEROISM?




OF COURSE, PRESCOTT! OF *COURSE* THERE WILL BE DIVERSE TREASURES AND REWARDS!



BUT NOW I WONDER IF, BEFORE WE *DO* THOSE OTHER ERRANDS, WE SHOULDN'T FIRST WANDER BY THE PLACE WHERE THEY'LL BE BUILDING OUR MATCHED *TRIPLE CASTLES?*

TRUE! FOR WHO HAS EVER SAID THAT THERE *AREN'T*?



WOULDN'T THAT BE THE MORE *EXPEDITIOUS* UNDERTAKING, BROTHERS? AFTER ALL, WHAT IF THEIR OPULENCE ISN'T UP TO OUR EXACTING STANDARDS?

SHOULDN'T WE KNOW AS *MUCH* IN ADVANCE, IN ORDER TO INFORM THE KING, SINCE WE'LL BE SEEING THE KING TODAY ANYWAY?

THADDEUS, YOU'RE THE TRUE *TREASURE* IN THIS AUGUST COMPANY! A PEARL BEYOND PRICE! THAT'S *PRECISELY* WHAT WE SHOULD DO FIRST!



IS THIS THE CORRECT DIRECTION, DO YOU THINK?

HOW COULD IT **NOT** BE, CONSIDERING THE COMPLETE ABSENCE OF ANY SHOUTED WARNING TO THE CONTRARY?



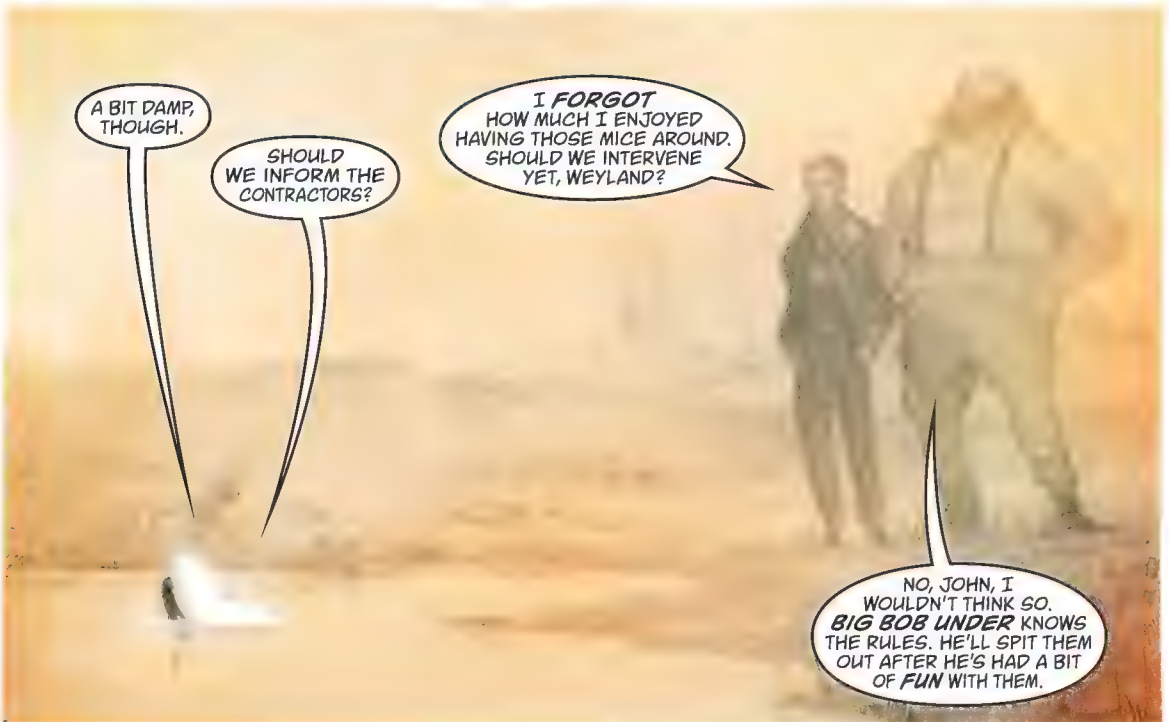
TRUE ENOUGH, MY FELLOWS! LISTEN **CLOSELY** AND PERCEIVE NOT THE SLIGHTEST **PEEP** OR WHISPER OF...

"OH NO, BRAVE AND NOBLE MICE! YOU'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY!"



AH, I THINK I DISCERN THE ENTRANCE TO THE **FIRST** AMONG OUR MIGHTY FORTRESSES NOW!

A FORMIDABLE GATEHOUSE! EXAMINE THE STOUT BARS OF THE PORTCULLIS! THIS BODES **WELL**, BROTHERS!



A BIT DAMP, THOUGH.

SHOULD WE INFORM THE CONTRACTORS?

I **FORGOT** HOW MUCH I ENJOYED HAVING THOSE MICE AROUND. SHOULD WE INTERVENE YET, WEYLAND?

NO, JOHN, I WOULDN'T THINK SO. **BIG BOB UNDER** KNOWS THE RULES. HE'LL SPIT THEM OUT AFTER HE'S HAD A BIT OF **FUN** WITH THEM.



# ESCAPE TO WOLF MANOR

For two to ten players

Rules: Bill Willingham. Game Board Art: Mark Buckingham. Game Board Lettering: Todd Klein.

**Oh no!** Not only did the duel to kill Mister Dark fail, but now he knows the way to The Farm. He and his army of witherlings may be on the way here right now! You, along with all the rest of the Farm Fables, have to evacuate to the Kingdom of Haven right away! You need to escape to Wolf Manor where King Flycatcher is waiting to transport you to safety. But be careful! Your opponents might be some of Mister Dark's witherlings in disguise! You need to get to Wolf Manor before they do!

**The Objective:** To win the game, all you have to do is be the first player to make it safely to Wolf Manor.

## The Rules

- 1) Each player takes turns rolling one six-sided die. Then you advance that many spaces on the game board.
- 2) If you land on a shortcut space, which are the spaces with the arrows, you can choose, if you want, to take that shortcut. But you must land on the space to have this option. You might try to take one of these shortcuts, through the haunted woods, or across the bridge over the river, or through the hidden pass through the hills, but beware of the dangers lurking near these places.
- 3) There are three DEADLY SPACES on the board. They're marked with the skulls. In the first one you're attacked in the deep woods by Grandfather Oak. In the second you're ambushed by a horde of Mister Dark's witherlings. In the third you're caught in an avalanche in the hills surrounding Wolf Valley. In each case, if you land on one of these DEADLY SPACES you have to go back to the beginning and start over on your next turn.
- 4) There are six TREASURE BOX spaces on the board. If you land on one of them, roll the die once again and consult the following list of results:
  - a) Roll die again and advance that many spaces.
  - b) Roll die again and send any single opponent back that many spaces.
  - c) Advance to share a space with any opponent who's ahead of you. If no opponent is currently ahead of you, you have to stay put.
  - d) Roll the die twice on your next turn and advance the total number of spaces.
  - e) Pick any single opponent and make him lose his next turn.
  - f) Switch spaces with any one opponent. Note that your opponent will now be on your TREASURE BOX space, but he doesn't get to roll for rewards.
- 5) There are five Geppetto MISFORTUNE spaces. If you land on any of these, roll the die again and go back that many spaces.
- 6) There are six Emperor Puppet MISFORTUNE spaces. If you land on any of these, you lose your next turn.

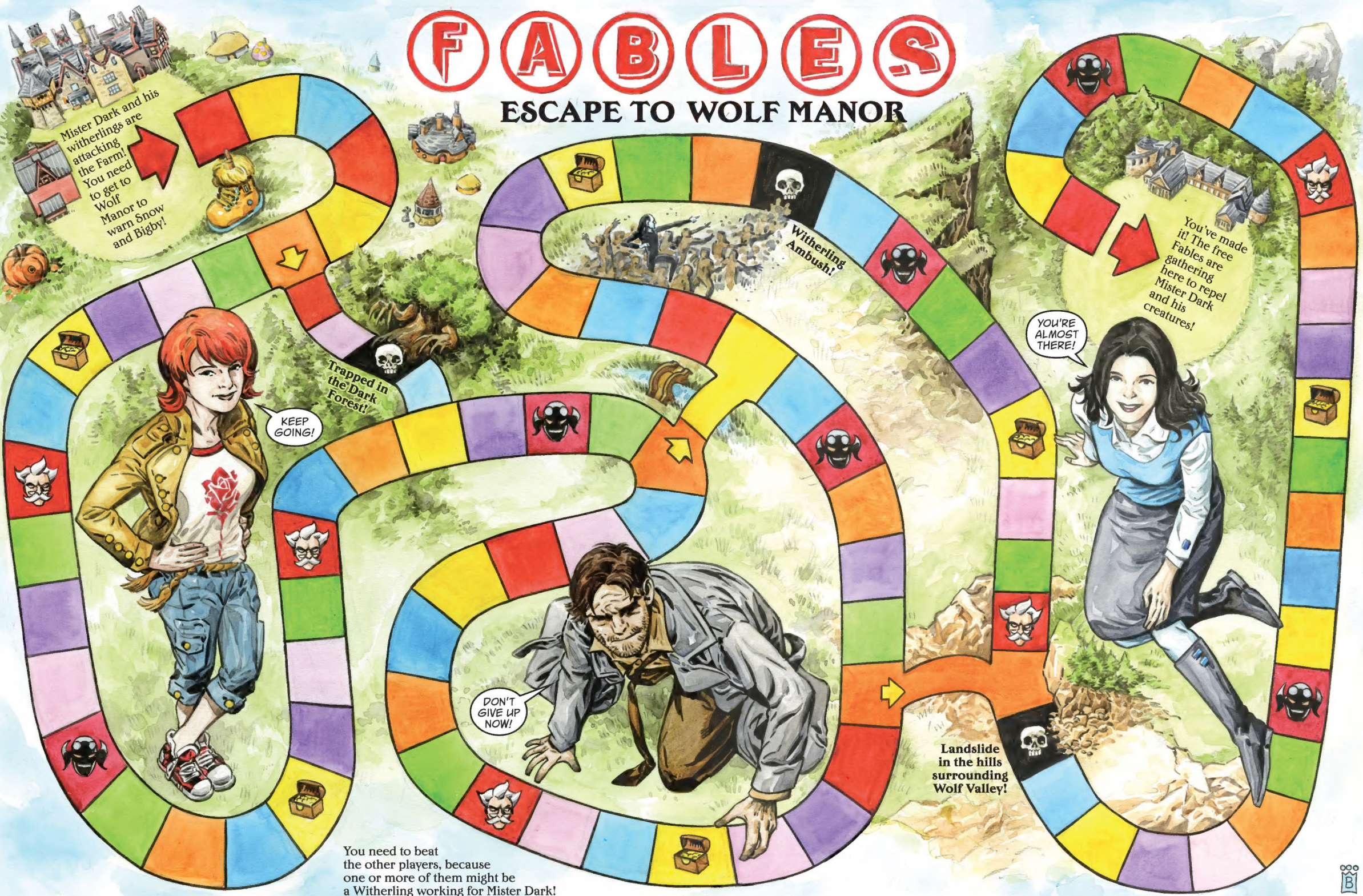
That's it. You're nearly ready to play. We've provided the game board and the rules. You need to provide your own six-sided die and one player piece pawn for each player in the game. Use anything you like, but make sure they're items you can easily tell apart from each other.

If you want some fun, and funny, advanced rules for FABLES: ESCAPE TO WOLF MANOR, go to Graphic Content, the official Vertigo Blog at: [vertigoblog.com](http://vertigoblog.com) where we've posted a few additions to the game.

# F A B L E S

## ESCAPE TO WOLF MANOR

Mister Dark and his witherings are attacking the Farm! You need to get to Wolf Manor to warn Snow and Bigby!



KEEP GOING!

Trapped in the Dark Forest!

DON'T GIVE UP NOW!

Witherling Ambush!

YOU'RE ALMOST THERE!

You've made it! The free Fables are gathering here to repel Mister Dark and his creatures!

Landslide in the hills surrounding Wolf Valley!

You need to beat the other players, because one or more of them might be a Witherling working for Mister Dark!

**From all of us at FABLES Headquarters,  
a sincere and decorated thank you,  
loyal readers.**

**Here's to 100 more issues and counting!**

**Shelly, Bill, Mark, Steve, Todd, Lee, Joao  
and the rest of the FABLES team**

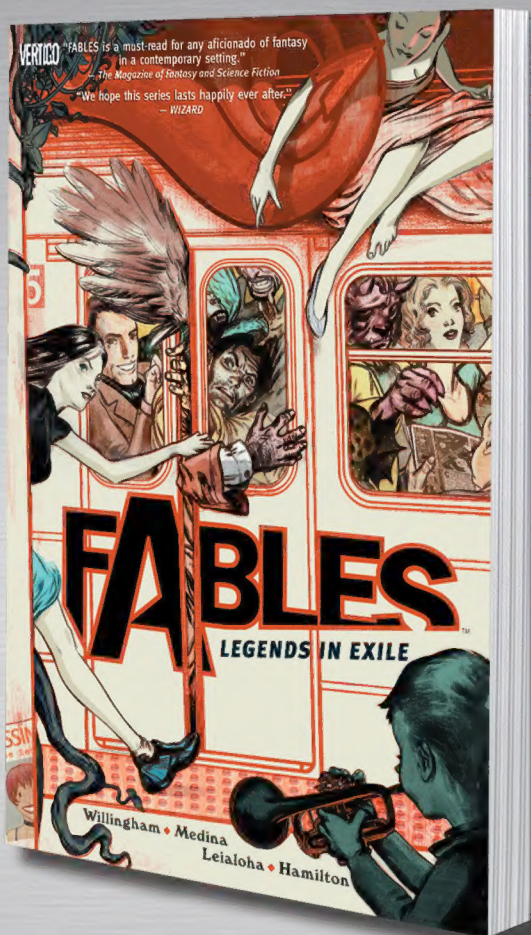
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# BILL WILLINGHAM

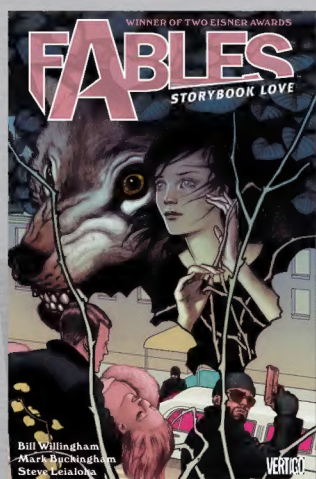
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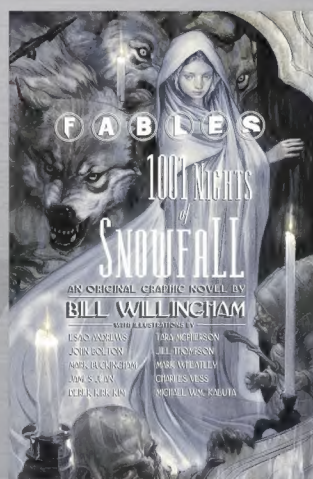
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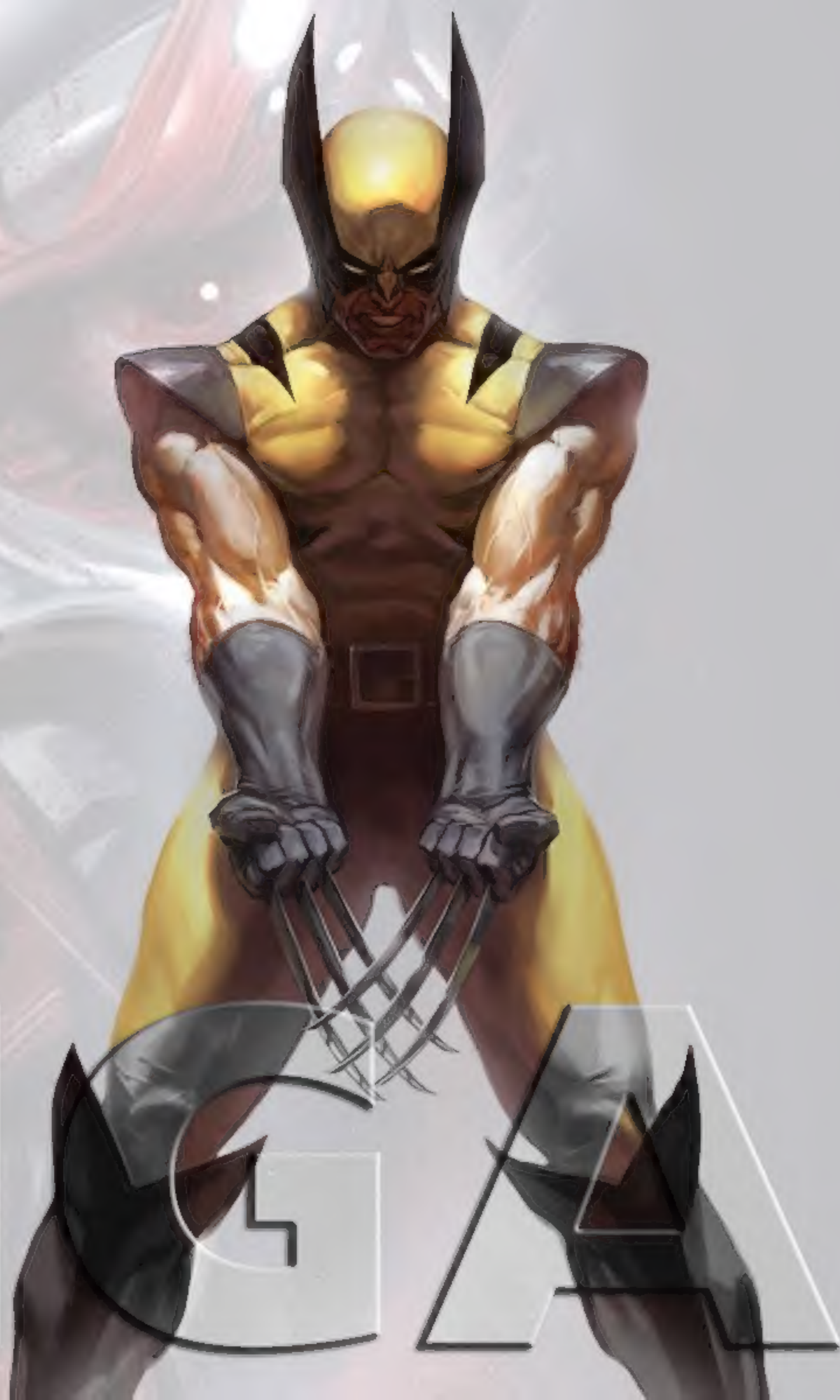


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NATHAN